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Woman's Work for Woman

AND

Our Mission Field.

A UNION ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN

AND

OUR MISSION FIELD

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1889. No. 10

GOD has accepted the offering of one of our young workers and, at the very threshold of her labors, taken herself instead of the work she meant to do for Him: but it is mournful tidings to the Mission House, and will be a heavy blow to many near, personal friends, that Miss Addie Ramsay has died from yellow fever, at Barranquilla, Colombia, August 19, six days after landing there. She sailed with her party from New York, August 1, and was seasick most of the way. Their vessel touched at Port-au-Prince, Hayti, where she went ashore and, it is supposed, came in contact with yellow fever which developed immediately upon reaching Barranquilla. Much sympathy will be felt for her sister, Mrs. Candor, who was awaiting her coming with open arms, and for her parents who have been for more than thirty years missionaries to the Indians.

Miss Ramsay has been herself a teacher, for several years past, in a school for Seminoles, at Wewoka, Indian Territory, and started for South America with high aims and in a spirit of hearty consecration.

THE following is the list of departures of our missionaries since August 3:

August 14, REV. J. M. WRIGHT AND WIFE (returning), to Persia.

August 28, REV. W. E. FINLEY, to Brazil.

August 31, REV. W. C. GAULT (returning), to Africa.

September 7, MISS EVERETT (returning), and REV. J. SCOTT WATSON AND WIFE, to Syria.

September 10, REV. H. V. NOYES AND FAMILY (returning), and REV. A. BEATTIE, to Canton.

DR. J. W. MCKEAN AND WIFE and MISS MCGILVARY, to Siam.

A PLEASANT farewell meeting was held at the Mission House, September 6, in connection with the sailing of the Syrian party. Among those to speak was Doctor Dennis, of the College in Beirut, who, with Mrs. Dennis, has gladdened and revived many audiences among us this year. They expect to take return passage on September 14.

THE following party are expecting to sail from San Francisco, September 19, for China: Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Killie, Rev. J. C. Garritt, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Machle, Miss Emma F. Lane, Miss Amy Saxton, Miss L. Johnson, Rev. and Mrs. E. G. Ritchie, Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Elterich; *also* Rev. G. W. Fulton, for Japan.

A PERSIA party expect to sail from New York, September 25. Rev. J. L. Potter and family (returning) take with them Miss Adeline Hunter for Hamadan, and two ladies for Teheran, Miss Mary Ward Greene and Dr. Mary J. Smith, the second woman physician to go to Persia.

RESIDENTS of New York and vicinity will have the opportunity this fall of attending the annual meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., or "American Board," as it is popularly called. These meetings have always been an important feature in the history of that Board and very influential in stimulating missionary enthusiasm and educating the missionary intelligence of the Congregational Churches. The Board convenes in the Broadway Tabernacle, corner of Broadway, Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, New York, where the opening sermon is preached Tuesday evening, October 15. The last meeting held in this region was at Brooklyn in 1870.

LADIES at home, on furlough, from the mission field, sometimes ask where they can obtain special training in Bible study. Two places in this country are now both available and inviting for such purposes: the Theological Seminary at Hartford, Conn., which has voluntarily opened its doors to ladies, and the ladies' department

of the Bible Institute established by Mr. Moody, in Chicago. The fact that Mrs. Capron, for more than thirty years a missionary in Madura, India, has just connected herself with the teaching force of the latter institution will add to its attractions wherever her name is known.

OUR readers may recall a letter last year by Mr. Olaf Bodding, a theological student in Norway. Another letter from him has lately come to hand, telling of a prayer meeting in the University, which, having begun in a small hall which would hold one hundred, grew to require the students' largest club-house.

"I believe," he writes, "that so much Christian life has never been amongst the students at the University of Norway. A Pentecostal wind has blown on us, therefore we are glad. Our Academic Missionary Association can rejoice in much participation. Our university is one of the smallest in Europe, but our association has a greater number of members than any other on the Continent. . . I beg you render our hearty thanks to the men and women who have forwarded to us American missionary magazines; they have enlivened us much. It is possible that I myself, this year, God willing, shall go to East India (the Santhals)."

WHO asks to renew the subscription of *W. W. W.* for the University of Norway?

THE proposition to start a new mission in Southern Egypt produced the greatest ripple of years upon the calm proceedings of the last General Synod of the Reformed (Dutch) Church. Three young men were burning to go, in spite of a discouraging committee. They had been finely trained in Arabic, along with their Hebrew, by their professor at New Brunswick, Dr. Lansing, son of the honored missionary of that name, so long in Egypt. Notwithstanding that the Board of Foreign Missions was in debt, the Synod, without a dissenting voice, under a sense of solemn responsibility, authorized the Board to inaugurate the mission as soon as they can see their way to do so.

The incident is both suggestive of the enthusiasm for the people among whom he was born, which a missionary child often carries with him and imparts to others, even while spending his life in the homeland; and it illustrates the general law that an unexpected opportunity is a spur. If the Church is lagging, give her a great work to do. In such circumstances a hesitating committee may usually trust the Church at large.

THE Baptist Union is opening a new mission in Western China, in a province of thirty millions, and a pastor in Minnesota, who formerly served the British and Foreign Bible Society in this very region and was there stoned and left for dead, has thrown up his charge and, with a layman, undertakes to inaugurate the mission. The young men of the Baptist churches of Minnesota guarantee their support.

AND now *The Free Church of Scotland Monthly* has this to say of solitary women physicians: "Of the women missionaries sent out by America, no nobler has lived and died for the women and children of India than Mary Seelye, M.D. She worked alone in the vast population of Calcutta, and the gigantic work killed her in the midst of her success. The same fate befell other solitary and unaided workers—establishing the lesson that it is more true of women than of men, and more true of medical than of other missionaries, that they must go forth at least two and two."

WE are informed that in churches in Japan where no mission schools attend worship, "the music is something terrific, each one having a tune of his own;" so that our singing-men and singing-women have something to suffer, as well as do, for that country.

THE Koordistan field extends from the highest mountain range west from Oroomiah to the Tigris River. The scenery here, Mr. McDowell says, rivals the noted peaks of the Rockies; the mountains are always covered with snow, the valleys are very hot in summer. Tkhoma is the only district where our missionaries were not well received. It contains 10,000 wild, lawless Nestorians, who defy the Koordish tax-gatherers in their lofty fastnesses.

THE instances which Mr. Arnot gives of the compassion of African women towards himself quite remind one of Mungo Park's testimony. Nalolo, the sister of a chief, "did her best to make us comfortable and supplied me with food." When he got a fat ox from the Barotse king in a time of need; "I think old Mother Mamwia put him up to this." And once, when suffering and fatigued, he lay on the ground out of breath, "some of the carriers came to urge me on, but it was of no use, till a female slave, carrying some provisions on her head, gave me a cool drink and some coarse bread, which sent me on my journey, moralizing on the superior humanity of women."

OUR MISSIONARIES IN PERSIA,

AND POST OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Mrs. F. G. Coan,	Oroomiah.	Miss C. O. Van Duzee,	Haft Dewan, Salmas.
Mrs. D. P. Cochran, (returning)	"	Miss Cora A. Bartlett,	Teheran.
Miss Jennie Dean,	"	Mrs. Lewis F. Esselstyn,	"
Mrs. E. W. McDowell,	"	Miss Mary Ward Greene, (*en route*)	"
Miss Anna Melton,	"	Mrs. J. L. Potter, (returning)	"
Mrs. E. K. St. Pierre,	"	Miss Anna Schenck,	"
Miss M. K. Van Duzee,	"	Dr. Mary J. Smith, (*en route*)	"
Dr. Mary Bradford,	Tabriz.	Mrs. W. W. Torrence,	"
Miss Annie Gray Dale,	"	Mrs. S. Lawrence Ward,	"
Miss G. Y. Holliday, (returning)	"	Mrs. E. W. Alexander,	Hamadan.
Miss Mary Jewett,	"	Mrs. J. W. Hawkes,	"
Mrs. J. M. Oldfather,	"	Miss Adeline Hunter, (*en route*)	"
Mrs. L. C. Van Hook,	"	Miss Annie Montgomery,	"
Mrs. Annie Rhea Wilson,	"	Miss Charlotte Montgomery,	"
Mrs. John C. Mechlin,	Haft Dewan, Salmas.	Mrs. J. G. Watson,	"

In this Country: Mrs. G. W. Holmes, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Mrs. Benj. Labaree, 53 Fifth Avenue, New York; Miss Maria Morgan, 53 Fifth Avenue, New York; Miss Emma Roberts, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. John H. Shedd, Marietta, Ohio.

AM I CALLED TO FOREIGN MISSION WORK?

When this question comes to a man it is usually in connection with the more general choice of a profession or occupation in life, which choice having been made, the place of labor remains to be decided by will or circumstance. With women it is not exactly the same, although, perhaps, as our women's colleges year by year graduate their classes, a future career may become more or less a matter for decision with them also. Let us hope that it will forever be the *rule*, however many the exceptions, that our women leaving school or college, will sooner or later follow the old, beautiful path of home-making and child-training, ordained of God and blessed by Him.

But there will always be many, in the Providential arrangement of things, whose steps are directed into other ways and into whose hands outside work is committed. And there will always be some who are peculiarly fitted by nature and training, to do better than others some parts of the world's work. We do not believe that women have yet learned how great is their influence in the lines of occupation which have opened to them in late years, or how mighty may be their power as Christian women in those very places which they now throng. These multiplied opportunities of independent labor at home, and the awakening in our own and other lands to the desire of receiving and imparting both secular and Christian teaching, make it oftimes a serious question to a women, no less than to a man, "What shall I do with my life?"

The earnest, consecrated woman with no detaining home ties can scarcely fail in these days of missionary interest, to find facing her the question at the head of this article. It may never go beyond her own secret consciousness. It may be answered at once and to her own satisfaction in her closet before Him to whom she has given herself. Or it may be settled promptly and decisively by those who have a right in a measure to guide her course, and to whom she therefore owes obedience. If it is not thus decided, it may be a source of long and anxious doubt to her who is considering it, and these words are written to aid, if possible, any who are in that condition of perplexity.

It is well to look at this subject very calmly and practically. Enthusiasms are good—the world and the church would be dull without them. But enthusiasm by itself has sometimes insisted that its own voice was a call from God, and has followed the supposed summons to the bitter disappointment of all concerned. Not always by any means does the call to foreign mission work come as a clear, imperative, unmistakable voice from above, overcoming all doubts, and giving no peace until it is obeyed. In a somewhat long experience in connection with those offering themselves for missionary service, I recall but very few instances where the call came in this manner. Usually it is a growing conviction, fortified by careful weighing of all circumstances and considerations, and by prayerful attention to every Providential leading.

Some few things point to a very prompt decision. One is the condition of health. No matter how strong the desire to do this work, or how full the equipment in other respects, if a sound, physical embodiment be denied to the ardent soul, it is safe to conclude that its call is not to the trying climate and exhausting labor of a foreign missionary field. Home duties — those near of kin dependent for support, care or

comfort upon one, should usually lead to the belief that He who "setteth the solitary in families," intends that claims arising from that ordering shall not be set aside for distant needs or appeals.

But, you say, these things not being in my way as obstacles—*am I called? how shall I know?*

Of course the question cannot be answered in a word, or fully answered in many words. Only a few hints can be given as to the points to be carefully and prayerfully considered. It is a mistake for anyone to regard herself as called to foreign missionary work unless she is conscious of a strong, steadfast purpose to give her life, with all that it holds, and for as long as it is worth giving, to the service, wherein and of whatever kind may be indicated in the plan of God for her. A spirit of obedience — absolute and unquestioning—should possess the soul that would take upon its lips the words "Here am I; send me," and follow in the steps of the Lord Jesus as he came to do His Father's will.

Fitness — physical, mental, spiritual, for the demands to be made upon the whole nature; freedom from detaining bonds of God's ordaining; a heart burning with love to Christ and to the souls for whom He died; a child-like confidence in the Father's care and love and leading—all these possessed as fully as fallen nature can possess them, would, in our view, go far towards constituting a call from God to "go, teach the nations."

After all, to one thus qualified, the tremendous *need* is the call. The white harvest, the few tired reapers, the sense of ability to do the work, and grateful, adoring love to the Lord of the harvest, do not these combine to call you to it with an irresistible voice, if so be that you can meet the requirements of the work?

M. H. P.

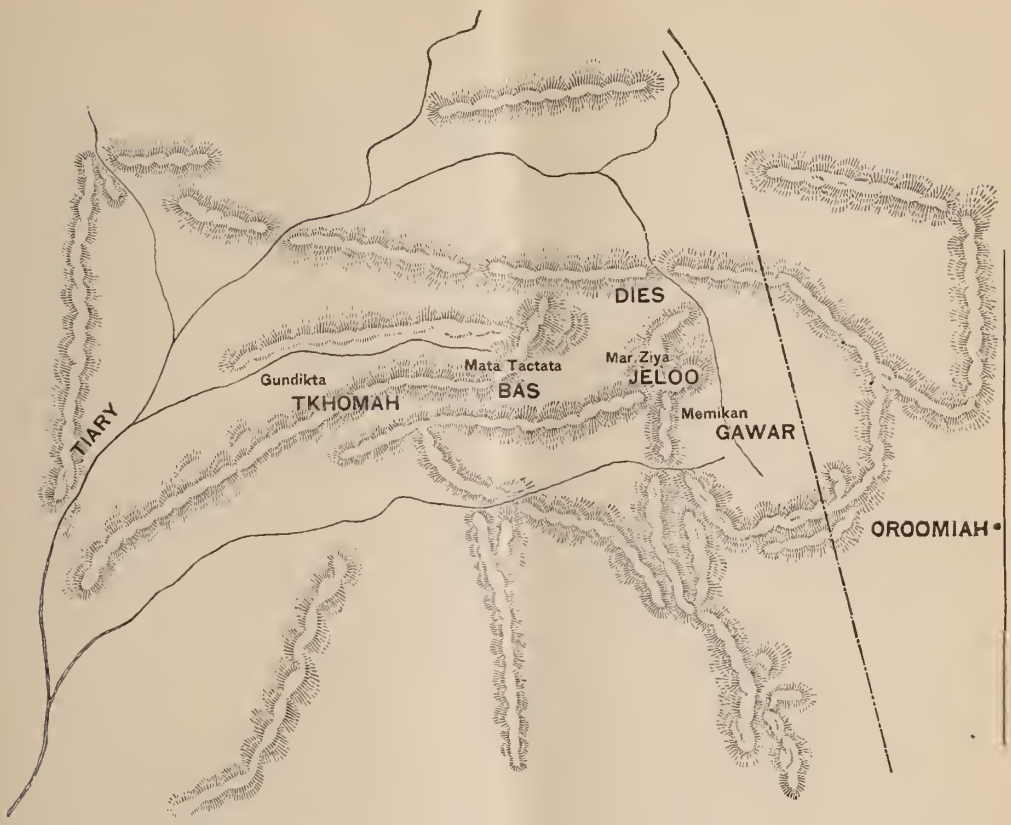
IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KOORDISTAN.

[We are again indebted to Mrs. Shedd for putting into English parts of a journal kept by Laya, the Nestorian Bible-woman, on a mountain tour with the colporteur, last fall. A part of these numerous villages in these mountain districts are Koordish, and the rest are occupied by independent Nestorian tribes, under their own chiefs. It is to the latter villages that Laya goes, and it was in one of them, Gundikta, in Tkhoma, that Mr. McDowell and Dr. Wishard were roughly handled and robbed in the spring.]

Late in the evening of Saturday we reached Memikan in the district of Gawar (a small village under the mountains of Jeloo, where Mr. Rhea spent the first years of his missionary life, and where are now precious graves). On Sabbath was the Lord's-supper. The women gathered for a preparatory meeting, and we passed a delightful time in prayer and confession, then with warm hearts we went to the feast our Saviour has prepared for those who love him. In Memikan I visited the houses. I found the widow of blind Shimon very ill. I asked her if she feared death. "No," she replied, "Christ is by my side. I trust His free grace to save me." Other women were there, and we prayed together.

On Friday we fell upon the road, and reached Ish-ta-Zin. This road, which seemed so terrible to me last year, when I compare it with the roads I passed over this year, seems like a plain. In the first village I met a woman whose brother had compelled her to marry against her will. In the quarrel he had wounded her so seriously with his dagger that for three months she was ill, but on recovery the cruel man forced her into this hateful marriage. Five days after the wedding she fled. Then her husband and brother quarreled, and this almost resulted in bloodshed. Since she was married I tried to reconcile her to her husband. I taught her to pray to God, and bring to Him all her sorrows, and I read from the Bible. She said, "May I be the sacrifice of your books. You obey them, and do not force your daughters. Our people are infidels. They do not know God's word. Koords are better than we are." I showed her the bloodshed and murder which would result, and asked if it would not be better to sacrifice herself than cause such evils. She said, "Let them all be murdered, and me too, I *will not* go to that man."

I heard of another girl who was compelled to marry a man she abhorred. She protested against the ceremony being performed. Every time she spoke a man who stood near struck her with an ax on the head. I remonstrated with these people on these dreadful practices, and said, "Why do you so oppress your daughters. God will be angry; this is the great reason God so afflicts you with famine and nakedness and war." They replied, "If we starve and freeze for it, still we cannot help oppressing our women." I told them



[The boundary line is indicated between Persia on the east and Koordistan (in the Turkish Empire) on the west.]

how Christians do these things. Some said we were blessed; others said, "We are independent of everybody. Can we become subject to women?"

We went up on the mountain-tops and spent the sabbath, where the people had carried their sheep to the green pastures and cold, clear waters. We visited the encampments of five different villages. The day was not different in any respect from other days. Men were building huts of stones and women were busy grinding wheat, and churning, and bringing wood. Some gathered around me, and I talked on the fourth commandment. They said, "These are good words, but they won't work in these rocks and stones. We live by work." All day long I was with different companies of women reading, talking and praying.

In Zeir I found the women so busy pounding corn cobs for bread, that I could not get them together, but I went from house to house, and met them in the streets. I tried to lead their thoughts upward to God. They said, "We cannot meditate upon our souls; our bodies are dying of hunger." One brought her apronful of corn cobs and threw them into my lap, saying, "Can you eat these? It is all we have. How can we think about our souls? We have not even enough of this food. God is unjust. Why Has he given bread to you and left me to starve?" Before I could speak, another cried out, "We have forsaken God and offended Him, and that is the reason He leaves us in this state."

. . . In Irwentūs the people were glad to see us, and many recalled the scenes of our former visit. Here Misky joined us, and we went to Schwawootha. The women gathered, and I read to them from Eph. 5th: "Christ loved us and gave Himself for us." They said, "We know nothing of that. God made us here in this wild and rugged place. We cannot do His will. If we should do as you say, we would die." I tried to show them that it is not necessary to sit still and read to please God, but that He enables us to serve Him in everyday work. Some exclaimed, "Woe unto

us." Others said, "What have we done that God should cast us into hell?" I asked them if they ever stole or lied or reviled. "Of course we do, but those things are trifles," said they.

The four churches in this village only open their doors twice a year on the feast days of the saint to whom the church is dedicated. I asked why they did not go oftener to these churches, and what benefit they received from the feasts. They retorted, "You don't love the saints, or honor them." I rejoined that to me it appeared giving greater honor to go every day and hold service in the church than to treat them with such neglect. "This would dirty the churches and make the saints angry," said they.

We went on to Mata Tactata, in Bas, and in the evening each one of us three met a large company of people. They told me a story which shows the terrible godlessness of these people. A man from Tkhoma had oppressed another very cruelly, and some one said to him: "God will certainly punish you." He replied, "God is old. His strength is exhausted. He can do nothing with me, a young man."

On Sunday morning the people gathered for meeting, men and women separately. Some forty men, with the chiefs of the village held council together in another place, and made a plan to drive us out. They sent a messenger to forbid us speaking to any one, or going out to the villages, and threatened if we disobeyed to raise a mob and pursue us even to death. But God helped us not to fear. Two of the brethren insisted upon accompanying us, and we went on to Irgip. We found excellent opportunities, both men and women gathering to hear us. In my joy I forgot all fear.

We went on to Koojik. Last year a woman there confessed that she had broken the seventh commandment, and promised to forsake her sins. Now, as soon as she saw me coming she ran and embraced my feet, crying, "You have come in peace. Indeed, I am Christ's handmaiden, now." All testified that from the time of my first visit she had been a changed woman.

In the evening we returned to Mata Tactata, where they had threatened us. Again a large and interested congregation gathered, and our would-be persecutors were, some of them, present. When they saw that we did not fear them, they changed their threats to complaints that they had seen no worldly gain from the Gospel, and said, "Unless we can receive some profit from these missionaries, let their preachers stay at home."

The next day we went on to the mountain-tops, to the summer pastures. They were distant, and the road very difficult, but we were joyfully received. Some reminded me of the prayers I had taught them, and said that they had taught them to their children and companions. They urged us to remain, saying, "If a man only eats once a year how can he live? Your visits are like this: To-day we have eaten pleasant food, to-morrow we shall hunger again." We returned over the long, rough road to Marra. There more than fifty came together. They said, "We are like sheep without a shepherd, wandering among these rocks, falling from the precipices and perishing. Stay here a month and teach us. If you go, of whom shall we learn?" I asked them if they ever prayed. "No," they said, "Not one of us prays." I asked if their priests did not teach them. They replied, "The priests themselves do not know how to pray."

In the next village five women gave us a warm welcome, but they had no idea who Christ is, and yet they continually used his name in oaths. I asked, "In whose name are you swearing?" They said, "We don't know. It is only a name."

From there we went to Tawlana. A company of men gathered around Isaac, and Misky and I joined ourselves to a large company of women who were reviling each other. We invited them to come to prayer. They rudely answered, "Our revilings are better." We told them, "It is written no reviler shall inherit the kingdom of God." They said, "If a man has fever he eats fruit to cool his mouth, so if one is angry he reviles to cool his heart. If he don't revile his heart almost bursts." We tried in vain to arouse them to the sin against God.

From there we went to the village of Mar Ziya (the famous old church). We remained a long time alone in the churchyard. A man appeared, and we asked to see the church. He refused, saying we were accursed. Then he said, "Give me something and I will show it." I gave him 10 shais, and we went in. Another came up and said, "If I join your party I can bring many others with me. If the missionaries will only give me my bread I will receive their religion and bring it into this village." By this time the door was

opened and we went in. There was much wealth within. There were boxes full of clothing and rich stuffs, and one which they said was filled with money. The walls are covered with hangings of broadcloth, silks, satins, velvets and cotton stuffs. There were also many old books, some of them written on parchment. They showed us all. The books were covered with dust. I opened one to read. The man snatched it hastily from my hands, saying, "It is a sin for a woman to touch a book." After we had looked at everything, I said to the man who would embrace our faith, "Now let us have a religious service in this church." "Oh," he said, "I have not time to stop," and away he hastened.

This church is built of cut stone, and is arched. It is considered very holy, next to Jerusalem the most holy upon earth. On the mountains around are small stone pillars, showing where the first glimpses of this church are obtained. We were departing sadly from this place when we came upon a party of men and women who invited us to stop and talk with them. We gladly consented, and they listened eagerly to the Word of God. They blamed their ecclesiastics, but said, "Of one thing we are certain: all our sins are borne by Mar Ziya. He will answer for us."

A SPRING IN THE DESERT.

Come, dear Reader, and with the aid of this photograph, let us pay a brief visit to that busy, happy human beehive, the Faith Hubbard School of Hamadan. Put on a thin veil, for in this Moslem city let us defer to popular ideas of decorum and not show ourselves on the street with uncovered faces.

Will you ride a horse, or will you try this swift little white donkey, with its gay scarlet saddle-cloth? The groom will walk at its head to give it a little pull should it prove obstinate, and should you be timid you may say "big ear" to him, which he will not understand as English, but will recognize as the command in good Persian to "catch hold" of the animal. We shall need him also to clear a way if we meet a string of camels or a drove of donkeys, or a herd of black, sharp-horned cattle with charcoal on their backs. We will thread the narrow, dusty streets, with high, blank, mud walls on either hand, not lingering in the crowded, lively bazaars, but stooping our heads under an old arch that admits us to the Armenian quarter of this ancient city. We enter the school yard by its big gate, and behold the school, shut in from the street by the high walls of its yard.

In one point does the picture belie the reality. If guests from the dear home land were indeed entering, you may be sure Annie Montgomery would not lean so quietly in the parlor window, nor would Charlotte remain calmly beside Sarra at the head of the steps, and a great commotion, at least in mind, would agitate that group of pretty Armenian girls, in their red calico dresses and white street wraps.

They must be coming out on their way to the church, just around the corner, on the left of the picture. Surely I know the little mischief with rosy cheeks and dancing black eyes, who is standing so demurely in front. Perhaps they are going over to the one-story school-house, which is a separate building close by, and where these boarding pupils will meet a throng of day-scholars. You must consult the reports to see how many. Are these two of the young Mussulmans who come to learn English from the Bible, whom we see, one sitting in the parlor window, one standing below, near the Armenian boy? They represent a large class who know the way of salvation, at least intellectually, and some, we hope, have the heart-knowledge, too.

I think* one of the men standing to the right, under the windows of the prayer-room, is a water-carrier with his leathern goatskin, for this quarter lacks the underground canals which supply the rest of the city, and its water must be laboriously brought by hand. This will explain the barren look of our school yard in the warm, rainless summers. It is certainly Ibrahim, the cook, who bestrides the horse.

Do you see the water pipes above to carry off the rains from the flat mud roof? If to-night is warm and the sand flies bad, we will climb a ladder and sleep on that high roof to get away from the little pests if we can. We shall be disturbed only by barking dogs, crying babies, and at midnight and toward morning, the loud call to prayer and the recital "There is no God but God and Mohammed is his prophet."

But you must not stand any longer without. We will not enter the arch, above

* Visible in the photograph, but not in the cut.

THE FAITH HUBBARD SCHOOL AT HAMADAN.

which are some small rooms on each story, for all this first floor is devoted to stores, wood-rooms and kitchens. But we will climb the front steps, and find on our left as we go in, the pretty parlor and back of it the dining-room, for this house is mainly two rooms deep. On your right is the prayer-room and two small apartments behind. On the right of the prayer-room are the girls' rooms and their outside staircase which does not appear in the picture. The bedrooms of our two sisters, now there, are over the parlor and dining-room. The companion whom we hope the Lord will send them this fall will have a chamber just over the prayer-room, and it will look to the sun-rising, for the aspect of the house is a little northeast.

And now will you not walk into the prayer-room, with its windows iron-barred to keep the babies from falling out? It is Friday, meeting day, and the Moslem Sabbath. What a motley crowd is gathered here. Young and old, rich and poor, crowded together on the floor! Fifty, sixty, seventy souls waiting patiently to hear God's Word. The Jew, the nominal Christian, the Protestant and the Mussulman mingle together here. How many races are represented. Nestorian, Armenian, Persian, Turk, Koord! Your eyes fill with tears as you look at them, and I know you are praying for God's blessing on this effort to tell them of Him. Perhaps the other ladies of the mission are there to help, the girls sing their sweet hymns, and in Persian and Armenian, the "old, old story" is told to many who hear it for the first time.

Dear sister, now that you have seen the Faith Hubbard School, don't forget it. Think of it. Thank God for this little oasis in a spiritual desert, and join your prayers with ours that many souls may be born in that place, and that there our dear Saviour may be abundantly glorified.

Grettie Y. Holliday.

A WEEK IN KHOI.

[KHOI is a very old city north of Salmas. It is surrounded by a wall twelve feet thick at the top, built of mud and sun-dried bricks, and a moat outside the wall can still be quickly filled with water. The place claims 10,000 houses, or, perhaps, 80,000 people. The Governor of the district resides in Khoi, and is, of course, a Mohammedan. A Nestorian helper of our mission has been in Khoi for about seven years.—EDITOR.]

I STARTED from Salmas the 29th of January last, in company with Mr. Mechlin and Deacon Ziah. There was frost in the air, and all the country was white with snow, and a mist hung over the mountain pass, but the ride was very enjoyable, for I like winter. We rode seven hours steadily, and then alighted at the gate of our helper's house in Khoi. He, Dea. Verda, and his wife Gozel were very sad, having just buried their only remaining son, eighteen months old, the fifth child they have given back to the Lord. So a part of our mission on this tour was to comfort those who mourn.

We had good opportunities for work in Khoi. We saw some Armenians, but not so many as we hoped, because it was just between two great fasts, a time for "marrying and giving in marriage."

Crowds of Mohammedan women came every day, and would sit a long time asking questions and receiving instruction, so that my time was fully occupied. I found an unusual amount of polygamy. One woman said, "My husband has taken ten wives after me;" another said four, another five, and so on. The exception seemed to be where there was only one wife.

PURPOSEFUL VISITS.

One morning Gozel and I went to call on two Mohammedan families of rank. We were entertained royally at both places, and at the second were constrained to remain to dinner, the ladies themselves eating from the same dish with us. After dinner there was an opportunity for reading and prayer.

The next day, Sunday, a messenger came from the lady of that same house, asking us to come again and spend the day with her, or she would come and visit us. We sent back word that, as it was our holy day, we were in the habit not of visiting, but of spending it in the worship of God. Would she please come to prayers at two o'clock. She came riding a white donkey, attended by her son and two daughters, and manservant and maidservant. They listened attentively while Deacon Ziah was preaching, and at an after-meeting with the women.

There were present at the same time, on the men's side, and separated by a partition from the women, a Seid, and several other Mohammedan men. The sermon was from the text, "Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." The men remained a long time after meeting, engaged in discussion with Mr. Mechlin and the two deacons.

On Monday we all went, by special invitation, to the Seid's house, the men visiting in one room and we in another. It was characteristic of the superstition of the women that the little girl was dressed in boys clothes, and the mother gave the number of her children less than the true number for fear we cast the evil eye upon them and they die. The wife of the Seid has certainly heard at least a part of the Bible, for she repeated correctly passages from the Sermon on the Mount, and seemed familiar with the Gospel story. She said the Seid had a Testament and read to her. The women told us a strange story of the ancestry of the Seid.

AN EASTERN TALE.

Many years ago a Nestorian girl, of Oroomiah, and a Mohammedan young man fell in love. She left her home and went with him to the house of a mullah to be married according to Mohammedan law. The mullah directed the young man to go to a certain place and bring a piece of paper on which he would write the marriage contract. The young man went, in all good faith, procured the paper, and returned to find that the treacherous mullah had married the girl to himself, and sent her into his own harem, whence there was no possibility of recovering her. The broken-hearted young man went away tearing his hair and beating his breast, but he never again saw his beloved. She was the grandmother of this Seid. The women said that the religion of his grandmother was drawing him to Christianity.

DRINKING AND OPIUM SMOKING

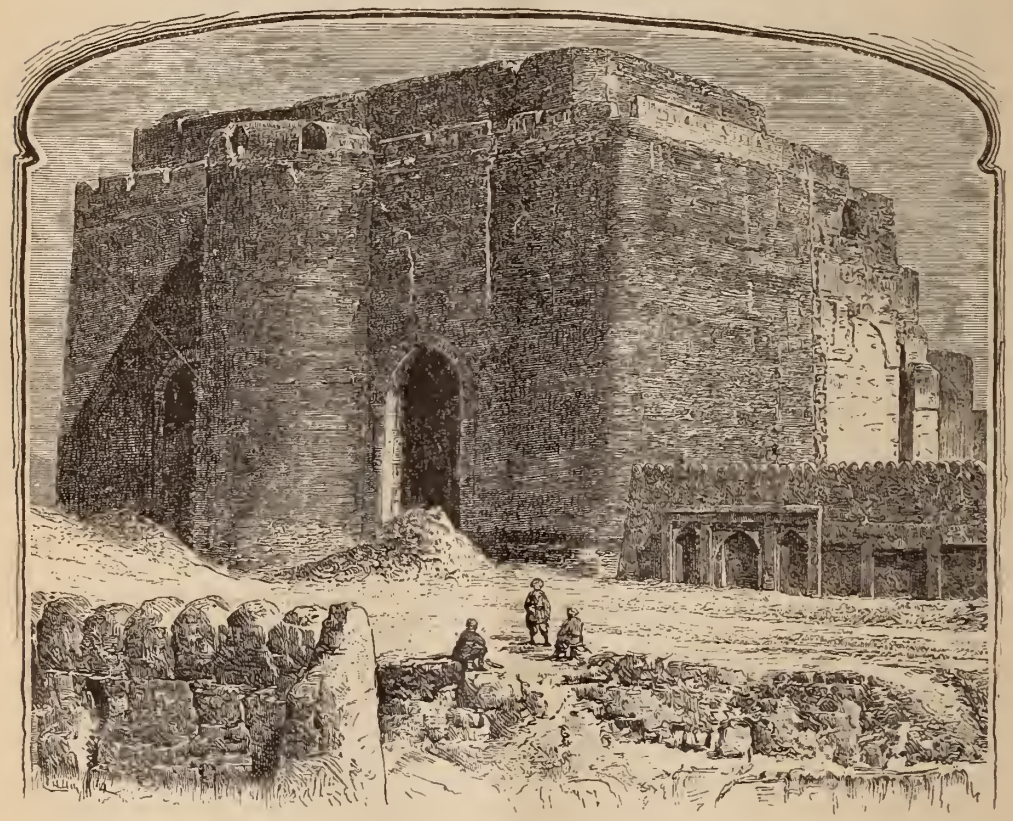
are becoming crying evils among the Mohammedans of Persia. The Armenians are the sellers of strong drink. Wine is forbidden by the Koran, and the punishment

for drunkenness is 200 lashes for the first offence, 400 for the second and death for the third, but I believe it is very seldom enforced. While we were in Khoi, however, some Mohammedans were whipped for this crime, and the two Armenians who sold the alcohol were imprisoned. A fine of seventy-five dollars was demanded for their release, but after much bargaining, they were let off for less than forty dollars.

We returned to Salmas February 5, rejoicing that we had been permitted to make this tour, but sorrowing over the knowledge of so much darkness and sin all around us. So much to do, so few to do it; so much left undone, so many that we cannot reach.

Mary Jewett.

THE FORTRESS AT TABRIZ.



THE ARK OF TABRIZ.

By far the most conspicuous building in Tabriz, the first which stands out clearly to the vision from whatever direction the city is approached; one in the immediate neighborhood of our missionaries' houses, and which blends with the early recollections of all the missionary children of Tabriz, as Madison Square is associated in the minds of little New Yorkers who frequent it, is an ancient fortress, or the *Ark* (citadel), as the Persians call it. It is claimed to be six hundred years old, but neither its age nor its builders can be certified.

Our missionary, Rev. John N. Wright, has kindly furnished the following facts about it:

"The people of Tabriz have told me that German-speaking Europeans built the Ark, and most say for a commercial depot. But no European ever built a structure of that kind for commercial purposes. The main part is arched over with a high dome. A flight of stairs, each step of which must be from 1½ to 2 feet in height, leads up to the top of the dome, around the edge of which there is a parapet. I remember distinctly one room, of several, on top of the dome, which faces the west and gives a magnificent view of all the region as far as

the eye can see. I can only guess at the height of this room, but should say 120 feet from the ground.

"The main building is of burnt brick and a peculiarly hard mortar. The pointing between the brick (if there ever was any) has fallen out, and a person can insert fingers and toes between the layers of brick. The people tell of a young man, who, some years ago, being offered a wager if he would climb to the top of the Ark, on the outside, by means of these crevices, agreed to do so—and did it too. But the thing having come to the ears of the Governor he had the young man executed, saying such a bright man as that would teach all the young men of the city to climb walls, and there would be no end of stealing.

"The inside has been used for various purposes at different times. Its present use is as a cannon foundry. The yard of the Ark was used, when I left Tabriz, for storing cannon, their carriages and amunition, suitable sheds and rooms having been put up for this object.

"The Ark is situated at the southern edge of what used to be the city wall. It had a thick, high, crenulated wall around it, a part of which still stands. Outside this main wall was a lower one, on the edge of the moat—a deep, wide ditch, which could be filled with water in times of danger.

"In short, the name, and everything about the structure point to its being built for military purposes. The earthquakes have made a big crack from top to bottom on the southern side, and there are a few holes in the top of the dome—otherwise it appears in good condition yet."

To this description Miss Holliday adds:

"The picture is so true to life, I could almost fancy myself there, only that all outside the wall are houses, while from the cut one might fancy it a solitary building on some desolate plain. It stands within the city, and is surrounded with life."

NOTES FROM WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL, OROOMIAH, PERSIA.

One day an old man, a Mohammedan, having his arm badly gangrened, came and lay down at the gate of the hospital, and asked for the physician. Dr. Cochran sent for him to come into the dispensary where he could be examined. "No, no," replied the man. "I have been a faithful Mohammedan. I have fasted, and prayed, and taken pilgrimages, and now near the end of my life I am not going to forfeit my right to enter Paradise by contamination with Christians." The doctor protested against his remaining outside, insisting he must at least come into an outer room where he could be treated. The man said he must not defile himself by touching Christian food or eating off Christians' dishes. So, at first, he was treated at the gate, but later was gotten into the hospital and placed on a bed in the ward, where he could receive full attention from nurse and physician. One night the man was much worse. The nurse called the doctor, who worked over him a long time. When somewhat relieved the man burst into tears and said, "How could I think what you should do for me would keep me from Paradise? Here you have cared for my sores with *your own* hands, forgetting your comfort in easing my pain. How kind you are! How good you are!" Over and over he expressed his confidence in the doctor, and humbly implored forgiveness for having thought that contact with so good and wise a man could injure his prospect of Paradise. Afterwards, alluding to his former fear of contamination, he said, "I will eat your food off your dishes." Thus the old man's prejudices were removed, and when he left, it was to tell others of the good he had received at the hands of the Christian missionaries.

The Mohammedan ruler of a farming village had been bitterly opposed to having any Christian work done among his tenants, even among his nominally Christian subjects. The missionaries sent a preacher to his village. The ruler ordered him away; that not availing, he ordered his goods and furniture to be put out of the house into the street. Later the ruler's son was sick. He needed to have an operation performed, for which he must be taken to the hospital. The father accompanied him and afterwards kept visiting the hospital, occasionally spending a night, thus keeping well acquainted with all that was done for his son. He watched the workings of the establishment. When well enough the son was sent home, and later the father called for a Christian preacher in his village, and attended service himself, carrying his own Persian Bible, a translation made by Henry Martyn, often comparing passages and asking questions, and discussing the Christian faith. This course excited

comment. Mohammedans asked, "What does this mean? Recently you drove the preacher from your village, and now you are attending services and reading the Bible." "Well," replied the ruler, "I will tell you. I did not know these people. My son was sick, and I sent him to their hospital, and I got acquainted with the missionaries, and I know they are good people, and I wish their teachers, and I am going to have them." That man will never again oppose the missionary work.

There was an old Koordish chief and robber, who, with others, had repeatedly perpetrated outrages on Christians. Redress was sought of the missionaries, and some of the robbers, among them this old chief, received punishment. Dr. Cochran had been instrumental in obtaining this justice, and the chief vowed vengeance upon him—even threatening the life of the "Christian dog." While breathing out his hatred a cataract blinded his eyes and he felt compelled to seek the hospital for help. He was kindly welcomed. "The Christian dog" removed the cataract; the chief recovered his sight. Later the doctor visited the village where the chief lived, and as he sat in one of the houses reading the Bible aloud, there was a sudden stir among the people. A passage was quickly made and this chief passed up between the rows of people to the doctor, who stopped reading, but the chief bade him resume, adding he was glad to have him preach to his subjects, and he himself wished to learn more of Christ. Thus the once proud, cruel man sat down a humble listener at the feet of the Christian whose life he had threatened. He could well have said, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see."

Among the women who have come to the hospital have been those whose lives were full of suffering and sorrow, and the Christian atmosphere and kind care received have made the place seem to them like the very "gates of Paradise," as one and another have testified. One woman came with a fatal disease, and while there her faith was quickened by what she heard and saw. Later, when back in her humble home—a poor, mud hovel—she patiently bore her suffering, and met the approach of death with triumph and joy.

Mrs. D. P. Cochran.

IN SOUTH INDIA—ESPECIALLY THE SCHOOL-GIRLS.

YESTERDAY (July 17) we were invited to the annual prize-giving of the Government Girls' School, in Kolhapur. Our red-coated guide led us through dark, winding, palace halls to a handsome *durbar* room in the body of which sat some 200 girls. The united effect of tinseled *sarees*, clinking bangles and gold ornaments was very beautiful. At one end of the room sat two Ranis, both widows; also the widow of our former regent.

In groups of two and three, girls stepped forward and sang native airs or recited dialogues. The school mistresses moved about with great dignity, and on the part of the girls there was self-possession—less of that painful shyness which, either genuine or affected, is so often displayed among Hindu girls.

Many of these pupils are in their teens, and seven are in a teacher's training class. The Queen of Kolhapur patronizes all this. Just before giving the prizes, she rose and in a strong voice read a speech in English. As Sakwarbai Rani stood before that audience doing such an unprecedented thing, little did she look like a typical Hindu widow—pale with fasting and seared to every earthly interest.

To dear mother who can remember a time when she found not one woman in this kingdom able to read, the words of Sakwarbai mark a great change.

I quote from her speech:

> I am glad to hear that about 700 girls living in the different towns of the Kolhapur State, go to school regularly. Notwithstanding this progress, there are still nearly fifteen boys being educated to one girl. This shows that there is still plenty to be done; all of you who attend school, should do so regularly and persuade your parents not to let you miss, as you *must* get behind by frequent absence, and the learning, too, I think, becomes more and more difficult, as naturally one forgets what one may have learnt only a few days before and all has to be worked up again, and this in itself is discouraging to you, and still more so to your teachers. . . . I wish to point out to the pupils of the Training Class, how much power for good they will have in their hands in teaching young girls not only to read and write, but to be obedient and helpful at home, and later on when they go to their husband's houses, their school discipline will have trained them to be good wives and mothers, besides being modest, steady women. . . . I am not idly recommending education, but I speak from experience, as I have had opportunities for study ever since my marriage, and I have derived great pleasure from being able to converse with English ladies, and read both English and Marathi books.

Perhaps we congratulate ourselves that government education means progress, civilization—all is an advance and all due

in some measure to our missionaries. It was indeed a missionary hand that gave Aka Saheb (the King's sister) books to start this girls' school; but scores of girls have passed out from these princely walls without any knowledge of the Gospel. The principle of government neutrality comes to be a careful guarding from God's Word. Of the educated brothers of these girls it is said they are drifting into infidelity. A few evenings ago in speaking with Mr. Candy, President of Kolhapur College, I asked if many students here read skeptical works. "Yes," he replied, "they seem to have a fiendish desire to get hold of them. They will buy them." Is there need of any immediate haste in getting Christian books to these Hindu boys? Is the need less for the educated girls? They want something to read—what shall it be? Satan does not find it easy to reach girls with infidel books, but he can fill their thoughts with evil. Trained minds must think. Fallow ground needs simple neglect to produce a harvest of tares.

What are we doing for the 700 school girls of this single State? What did we do for those who finished school last year or the year before and the year before that? The work of government only increases our responsibility. Christ's command is: preach the Gospel to every creature. To one who reads, the Bible itself can preach; God's own word, "sharper than any two-edged sword," and which "will not return void." Can we dare do less than see to it that every girl who can read gets a chance to read God's message?

How shall we do it?

Not by opening a book-store. Not even by inviting the girls to come to us. Out of that group in the *durbar* room but one pupil has been to see me. At noon one day, glancing aside from my desk, I saw her young face peeping in at me through the blinds. She extended her hand full of sweets as though apologizing for coming, and, before leaving, begged of me four times not to let any one know that she had come. This girl dared to walk up to our compound. The case is an exception.

We must *go* to Hindu women. Personal contact and sympathy is necessary, and for this we must have *many* workers. Suppose there were seven Christian ladies here, and we resolved to carry a knowledge of Jesus to these 700 school girls, it would be no small matter for us each to get an entrance into 100 new homes in one year. How, then, reach the thousands who never enter a school? Oh, friends, in this part of India our missionary force seems proportioned to the spies in the Promised Land. Suppose Moses had sent word to Caleb: we cannot very well cross the Jordan. You remain and "possess the land according to the commandment of the Lord," and we will once a year send over five or ten men to help you fight!

Eight years have passed since an ordained man was appointed to Kolhapur. We are now praising God that two* new missionaries and their wives are coming to us. But since two stations are without any resident missionary, how can we occupy any new place?

Across our Jordan comes another message; it is that many are wishing and purposing to come to our help. Some from our Presbyterian tribe have come at their own charges. Could not more of us young people do this if we were frank with our fathers and more resolute with ourselves? We want to be sure that God is marking our path. Is not this path often found by following some general direction of His Word?

When there was uncertainty about our coming or remaining another winter in America, a friend put the matter in this way: "Considering the *needs*, and Jesus' command, it is right for us to make effort to *go*. If it be not God's will that we go, He will prevent it." This friend advised us to go and meet the officers of our Board in person. Mother and I did so, and in a few days we were on the "Umbria" bound for Liverpool. Am I glad we came? Let an opportunity answer.

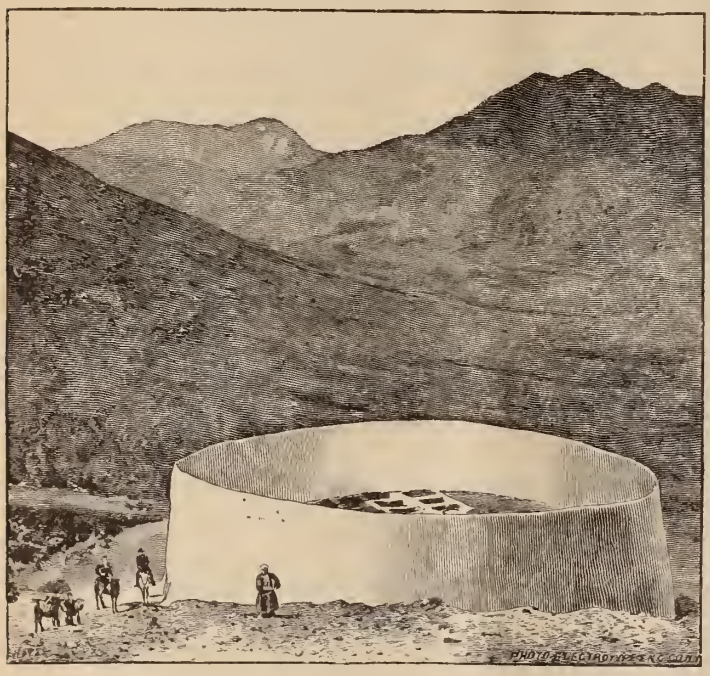
A woman, Sundra-bai, was lately brought into the hospital. As we became acquainted, she told me of her sorrows—how, while a little girl her husband married another, and later a third woman. Her chief religious duties seem to have been to water the sacred *toolsi* plant, and sitting in her house an hour or two at a time, to meditate upon God. One day speaking to her of peace, while other women stood around her cot, I said, "None of you ever speak of having anything you want me to have. I cannot help doubting whether you have true peace. Have you?" Quickly Sundra-bai spoke up, "Oh, what have we of peace. Our peace is like water on a heated gridiron."

Could I have wished myself five thousand miles away from this poor heart? Jesus came to the meek, to captives, to broken-hearted and bound ones, and such there are in India. *Grace E. Wilder.*

* One of these couples has since failed the Board.

A LITTLE ABOUT THE PARSEES OF PERSIA.

Among the numerous sects of Persia, having different tongues, various religious beliefs, and distinctive dress and customs, are found the Parsees, or as they are commonly known, the Guebres, or fire worshipers. The term Parsee must be very ancient, as it has given name to this country and language, although the people themselves are much more numerous in other countries, and speak among themselves a language other than the Persian. The name Guebre, I am told, was first applied by the Mussulmans, in derision of the Parsees' religious veneration of the cow, and is derived from a word meaning a feeder of cows. Others say it is a corruption of the word Käfir, meaning infidel, and also applied by the Mohammedans when they took possession of the country, hundreds of years ago.



A TOWER OF SILENCE, NEAR TEHERAN.

The Parsees in Persia are most numerous in Kirman (ancient Carmania) toward Beloochistan, and at Yezd in the south. They are famous gardeners and weavers; and traders even are met with in some places. The beautiful Kirman shawls, and the silks of Yezd are in great part the work of these people.

I have not yet learned to distinguish Parsees from other Persians, except by their dress, and often the men have adopted the prevailing style; but we are never at a loss in recognizing one of their women. She wears a pair of very baggy, bright-colored trousers, which reach to the ankle, a peculiar quilted straight shirt reaching the knee, and a head-dress of yard after yard of calico wound around the head and hanging down the back, and over this a bright-colored chuddar. The predominating color is red, but never have I seen any of them wear the color plain, but always in figured goods. The trousers are often made of two sorts of goods sewed together in strips about four inches wide, and if of heavy material are often embroidered, and gathered in to fit the ankle. The quilted shirt is long-sleeved, and also made of strips sewed together. The head-dress is something I cannot describe, for it is a science to learn to put it on properly, as it consists of several separate articles, but it looks when on like a shawl-shaped piece of calico, brought under the chin and up over the head, and then bound around like a turban, but leaving a long corner down the back.

The people are dark and rather dull looking, but I have found the children very bright, and quick to respond to teaching. The Parsees should be among the best educated of all nations, for the principles of their religion are, first: Know God; second, know self; third, know all other things. Knowledge to them is Good, and in pursuance of this they consider woman equal with man, and when possible give her an equal education. They are monogamists, but have no objections to second marriages, if either husband or wife should die.

They are conservative, still, being a conquered people, they have gradually become ignorant, and much of their religion and many of their customs are a matter of teaching, rather than of actual practice.

For instance, there is a certain rite of purification to be observed every morning, which one of the staunchest Parsee women here told me she had not observed for years.

Although they may be well versed in the modern Persian, a little conversation will invariably betray them, as the sounds "f" and "sh" with them become "p" and "s."

If a Parsee woman dies, her body must be washed, then dressed in a long shirt, and a long-sleeved short shirt, trousers and skirt, stockings and gloves, and a head wrap. These garments are preferably white, but any color except blue or black can be employed. The feet are brought up to the body with the knees laid flat, the hands crossed on the breast toward the neck, and the corpse is placed on an iron frame, as wood is considered unclean, and borne on the shoulders of friends to the shallow grave, cut in rock, as earth is unclean. There it is left, and the birds, always hovering over these places of the dead, quickly descend, rend the clothes, and with their strong beaks and talons tear flesh from bones, so that before corruption can become evident, there is nothing left but the skeleton to bleach in the sun and rain until it is removed to make room for another.

About six miles to the south of Teheran, situated on one of the bare, rocky mountains, is seen a low, round, uncovered tower, whitened without, but within full of dead men's bones. It has no entrance except by means of ladders. The thought of such disposition of our dead is hideous to us, but to the Parsee, the idea of corruption and return to earth is just as repulsive. As the mountains are composed of dark brown or blackish rocks, this tower of silence is a conspicuous object for miles around.

With their theoretical love of knowledge, and their ceremonial washings, their reverence for fire and clean water, as representing purity, we might expect to find the Parsees a remarkably cleanly people. But on the contrary, those in Persia impress me as being almost as filthy as any I have seen. And it is astonishing what beliefs obtain even among the educated.

Not long since, a Parsee woman of education (according to their ideas), refined, and as far above the ordinary in every respect, as the intelligent leader of society with us, is above her kitchen-maid, told me as matter of history, that in the time of Jemsheed, long, long ago, there was no pain nor death, and when men became tired and feeble by reason of long life, they united in asking the Creator to give them some way out of this difficulty. Accordingly death was decreed, and since then mankind has escaped the evil of extreme age. She also told me at length, the story of Zahok, a cruel man who had a horrid creature perched on each shoulder, which must each be fed every day with the brain of a young boy. One day the only son of a blacksmith was called for, and the father stirred up the people to go to Feraideen, who lived in a mountain, and ask his help in destroying Zahok. So with Feraideen they attacked and overcame Zahok, and either killed him or threw him into a pit. Of course many of you have read this story in full, and have given it place among the curious legends of the Old World. But I particularly asked this lady whether this be legend or history, and she unhesitatingly pronounced it true history.

There is a small school for children, sustained by the head of the Parsees, in Teheran; but there are, I think, not over thirty boys in attendance. A few boys and two or three girls are in our mission schools; and bright pupils they prove, too. The chief reason why there are not more of them seems to lie in the fact of their oppression. Only a very few are possessed of any wealth, and poverty and education do not go hand in hand, especially with the conquered. I have been told that the girls are seldom educated for fear the Mohammedans will hear of it and kidnap them. We make no special missionary efforts for the Parsees, and so come in contact with them but little. Here in Teheran they are generally gardeners, but there is one of that race employed as cook in one of our families, and occasionally their women will be found out in service.

The Parsees are commonly supposed to be worshipers of fire; but they say they worship *before* the sun, or if that is not visible, before the other heavenly bodies, or before fire, or even before a vessel of clean water, as representing purity and leading the thoughts to God. They have priests and certain forms of confessions and purifications, and to a certain extent believe in transmigration of soul. But I fear that they do not pay much attention to things outside of visible daily life, and in belief and practice are as far from their books as the ignorant Mussulman is from the Koran. *Mrs. W. W. Torrence.*

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

PERSIA.

A DOCTOR'S OCCUPATIONS.

WE are permitted to give some extracts from a letter by DR. MARY BRADFORD, who has had though only one, a very busy year, in TABRIZ. It bears date, March 14, 1889:

We need patience here. Pray that we may be faithful in showing forth the Word of Life. It seems as if every day is crowded full of events of its own. We sometimes plan for a day, and over and over Mrs. Wilson and I say at night, "How different this has been from what we expected." This week has not been especially eventful, and yet, spend a little time with me.

On SUNDAY was Turkish service at 10 A. M., and then Sunday-school. I taught the missionary children and some Europeans who come. This is not my usual work, for often my poor patients come to Sunday-school, and then I do a little in teaching them Bible verses. After this there are patients who must be seen, and at 3 P.M. eleven of the missionary children met to organize a mission band. They are so enthusiastic over it, and it is such a pleasure to work with them, for they don't have as much done for them as children in America. At eight o'clock there was the English service, always held at the girls' school, and to this many Europeans come. The missionaries preach by turns, and it is the joy of the whole day to me, the only thing that seems just like home.

Every day there is an hour and a half at the Dispensary, teaching my boys and putting up medicines, one or two hours for a Turkish lesson, and always wishing there were more time for study and writing.

THURSDAY morning a sick woman came with her mother, a little girl, and a neighbor. This meant taking Mrs. Wilson's time as well as mine, for I can not get on with the language yet. Mrs. Wilson has classes all the morning, the little boys from the school, and an Armenian lesson herself. The latter she gave up, saying, "I would rather make a new acquaintance." I do not know what I should do without her, and I could not get along with the business part at all without Mr. Wilson's help. The afternoon was taken up with calling.

Just as we finished breakfast on FRIDAY, a servant came in, saying that one of the chief Native physicians wished me to come and see one of his cases. I could not go to a Mussulman's house without a woman to accompany me, so Mrs. Wilson and I, and our two men-servants started off. It proved a half hour's brisk walk. On entering the court we saw at once it was a fine house, and noticed the large number of priests, each with the green or blue turban which denotes that the wearer is a lineal descendent of Mohammed. The Doctor and his son received us cordially (the latter studied with Dr. Holmes), but the rest were not disposed to do us honor, some not rising when we entered, which in their eyes is a great lack of respect. Sometimes I think they say to themselves, "It is only a woman, it won't do to be polite to her," but I am usually treated as nicely as they know how. They often do not know how.

A SACRIFICE TO IGNORANCE.

We entered the room where the poor, blanched sick woman lay, the mother of many children, and now losing her life in bringing another into the world. A mid-wife was with her, and the doctor who had sent for us, could only come and feel her pulse or stay in the next room and send directions. At least a dozen women were in the room, and we saw at once that we had never been in such a fanatical place before. I could hardly get water, for they hated to have a Christian wash in their basins. At length I found the trouble with the woman and reported to the doctor that I must give chloroform and relieve her at once. He knew that I was right and told the father, (always the one to consult rather than the husband). He was willing, but said her mother should decide, and *she* would not consent; that settled it. In the meantime a priest had brought in a live sheep, and led it around her as she lay on the

floor, then it was taken out and killed, a sacrifice in her behalf that she might live. We could do nothing; this they thought more efficacious than to be polluted by a Christian doctor. The Native physician understood the case but could not persuade them, and we came away with sad hearts. Oh, this is darkness that may be felt.

All day SATURDAY I spent in the Dispensary, and we often have thirty women there. Mrs. Wilson is with me and we have a service. It is such joy to meet them in this way, and if you could only see the way they listen, and drink in the story so new to them! A few have come to Sunday-school and that is best of all, to see the medical work bringing them to Gospel truth.

The chief steward of the Vali Ahd (Crown Prince) determined the other day that I should see his eyes. He sent at least seven times; even the Vali Ahd asked why I would not see him. I refuse all Persian men, and it is the only safe way. One great man came just this evening, and said he had been to all the doctors and wanted me to see him. Mr. Wilson kindly took charge of him. The women need me, and there is so much to be done for them. I hope I may have a place before long where I can have a few beds for the sick, for we feel the need of it when even in the homes of the rich there is no proper care.

My heart is always strengthened and warmed with thoughts of your prayers for us.

COMMENCEMENT DOINGS AT TABRIZ. ELECTRICITY, MOTTOES, AND TRANSFERABLE AFFECTIONS.

From a private letter from MRS. S. G. WILSON, written June 21, 1889:

A large number of Persians came to the boys' examinations as they were specially invited, and as the school-girls and women would be shy of them, Mr. Wilson had a screen brought over and put between the men and women. There were classes in geometry, English, Russian, Persian, Turkish and physics. Mr. Oldfather has been training the boys in a four-part song for male voices, and it sounded very well, especially as the people never hear such singing, and it was a new idea to them. The little boys had a jolly little song, and all sang together a Turkish hymn, "Jesus Paid it All."

It is funny what an idea the boys have of showing off. They explained the experiments in physics as if they were instructing the audience (as they were), and held forth at length. The best experiment was in electricity. One of the students stood on an insulated stool, which Mr. Wilson improvised by putting a board over eight little tea glasses turned upside down on the floor. When he was "charged" the other boys touched him off at different points, and the audience was amused immensely. The electric bell and magnet, the water-hammer, diving-imp, fountain and syphon, were very interesting. One of the boys, who knows Arabic, wrote on the board a little poem he had composed on Nasr-ed-Deen Shah, which met with approval, and perhaps it was a better attitude to take towards the Powers that be than the girls showed in their patriotic Armenian essays, hoping for liberty from the tyrannous Turk. There were no Mussulmen at their examinations however.

My little English class was scared, and did not speak very loud, but did pretty well, too, with their little exercise on modern inventions, each describing one in a verse of four lines. Oh, how the boys enjoy the excitement and responsibility and glory!

Tuesday evening we put up the mottoes; on one side, in pink letters, "The lamb God keeps the wolf does not eat" (Sidrag's selection); on other sides, in colors, "Faith, Hope, Charity," "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and, in gilt with dark cross and gilt crown in the middle, "First the cross, afterwards the crown" (Armenian version). The latter I made as we have it, "No cross, no crown," but they said it would not be understood in Armenian, so I changed it just in time. They look very pretty on the white walls, and as an entirely new thing the boys consider them "fine." It took the whole school to put them up; the young teachers tacking and sighting, and all the small boys staying after school to spell out the words as each letter was put up. It's fun, I think myself.

Wednesday the examinations began. In the afternoon there was a reception for the church and schools at Mr. Oldfather's, simple refreshments, tea, cookies, cherries, and apricots, and a very nice time. We got the boys and girls together in one room, playing games, and they liked it as much as we do at home. The two couples to be married were actually near each other, and the girls with uncovered faces, so the world moves, even in Persia. The double wedding-day is not set yet, but will be soon. The brides are as sweet and lovable as can be. The girls' commencement was followed as usual by proposals, and a young man who admired one of these brides was disgusted to find her "spoken for" already, but promptly transferred his affection to another.

HOLDING ON.

MISS DEAN wrote from OROOMIAH in June:

This is my twenty-first year here. I have feared all winter that it must be my last in Persia, and have several times this spring decided and remained decided for two or three days at a time that I ought to leave permanently and come home; but as soon as I felt a little better I was as intent on staying as I had been on going. I did not think it would be so

hard to leave. In many respects, it is harder to drop this work than to take it up in the first place. I have decided to remain a year longer, but never to take the responsibility of the whole school again.

THE IMPROVEMENTS.

I wish you could see our new Fiske Seminary. I thoroughly appreciate the convenient, light, airy rooms. We have not one dark corner. Our school numbers this year fifty-eight boarders and nine day pupils. The girls have done well, and have received much good, though I did long for a deeper spiritual work in the school, and I am always thinking if some one could give more time to direct religious teaching, perhaps we should see different results. But if our Father does not give us the help we think we need, He can do the work. Six graduate. To me it is an old story, but to them it is the one great event of their lives.

For the last two months Robert Labaree has been teaching the first class in ethics, and conducted the opening exercises. He also has charge of Sunday-school, especially the older children; I simply stand around and keep the wheels moving, or if one seems to be out of gear I right it up.

. . . I can think of no blessing that seems to me more desirable than to be well enough to work here eight or ten years yet.

A DISAPPOINTMENT IN CHARACTER.

MISS MELTON, who went to OROOMIAH, only a year ago, wrote from there June 8, 1889:

With gratitude I say I have been very well since I came. All the indications are that the climate will agree with me. I don't know what I can write about, save the school, for that is all that I know anything of, not even excepting the language.

June 20th will be commencement day, and girls are girls and commencements are commencements whether in America or Persia, and so we are in a flurry. Our class is five. The year started with seven. One has had a throat trouble all winter and been at home, and I hardly know how to tell of the other, but you know how addicted this people is to theft. I think that is enough to tell you. It was so hard to see her go and discouraging to think of five years labor with her. She was bright and capable, but duty must be done and it seemed that that was duty. I trust we may never have that to do again. The coming first class is promising, numbers nine.

I wish I could tell you how I feel towards these girls, but I cannot. They are girls as a school, as classes, as individuals, girls who will be powers in their villages. How good it sounds to hear Mr. McDowell talk of the old school-girls he has met in the mountains, and the noble work they are doing there; and then Mr. Coan comes in from the villages and speaks of the graduates there. Why should we be discouraged if one fails us?

PLANS AND EXPECTATIONS, AND IF AND IF.

We hope that next year we may have the primary department in running order, for it is apparent we must get hold of the children sooner, and contrive some means of keeping hold of them more closely after they leave us. Both can be done if we have enough working force.

As it is now, our force is weak and if I did not know that God has chosen the weak things the outlook would be dismal. Is Miss Morgan coming? Sometimes we hope, then we doubt and then despair. If she does not come will some one else be sent? And who will it be? There hasn't been a day that my mind has been free from these thoughts. It is so essential for the good of our work that I cannot but think the Lord will send some one soon. So keep a sharp look-out, for the probability will be He will send her to you before us. Do not delay to send, for a new one must learn the language, which takes so long, and she is tied until she has it. I never realized before how my hands depend on my tongue. I consider myself nothing but a dead weight until I get it. But next year I do hope to use it with some degree of satisfaction. Oh, the grand expectations with which next year is fraught, and if Miss Morgan should come, and if, and *if!*

CALLING FOR INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

There is one thing that I have at heart, and yet I don't see how the way will open. I think, as well as others, that our girls should learn to work more. We sew two hours every Tuesday afternoon. They help somewhat in the bake-room and keep their rooms, but what is that among seventy-eight girls? I think it would be better for their health to have study and physical work interchanging, because we have such limited grounds they do not get sufficient exercise. Besides the benefit to their health, it would dignify labor. Now, when they have stayed here five years without work, they are inclined to look upon it as beneath them. It would also be of great advantage to them to know how to do something by which they might sustain themselves if necessary. You know how many widows there are in Persia with families and no means of support. If each of our girls, when she goes out, were capable of some employment, so that if this should come upon her she might keep herself from sin and raise up her family in a way that would do credit to our school, how it would help along the Gospel in Persia! The boys are having industrial training provided, but I do not see any outlook for the girls, for our allowance gives nothing for industries. I think if this were only started it would become self-supporting. I do trust

you will see its importance even as I do, and if many get to thinking upon it there will surely be a way open.

MISS CHARLOTTE MONTGOMERY, of HAMADAN, says:

We have forty girls now, and two more coming tomorrow. We have one quite a baby, a little Jewess. Her father became a Mussulman and married a Mussulman wife, and as this little thing's mother was dead, he brought her to us, and we felt we could not refuse to take her. I don't think she can be more than four years old. She is a great plaything for the girls, almost better than their dolls. We have had a young Mussulman woman in sewing for a few days, and she seemed so nice we wanted to do something for her, and yesterday she asked if she could not come here and learn to read. Of course I told her she could, but she may be prevented. Fear only keeps many away.

You often hear it said that the women here can read, and so they can, in a way. We had company one day, and one of the ladies began reading an Arabic text on the wall. We were quite pleased, and asked her what it meant. "Oh, I don't know. We read the Koran, but we don't know what it means. The Mullah knows," and she said that with a very satisfied air, as if nothing more were necessary.

CHINA.

A THOUSAND MILES FROM CANTON.

DR. MARY FULTON wrote June 5, 1889, on board boat on the West River, as she was returning to Canton after a visit to the treaty port lately opened in that disputed province:

Tung Chau being one of the two recently opened ports, the question was not, whether we would be permitted to reside there, because of course we had the right to do that, but, being able to live there, could we use Cantonese? This was the object of our trip. To our delight we found we were understood at all places along the entire route, a distance of about one thousand miles, and at Tung Chau no other dialect would have been half as useful. Thus we had reason to be grateful, not only for the opening of this back door into the darkest part of the province, but that we shall be able to begin work at once through the medium of an already acquired language.

Deducting Sundays, we were only forty-two days going up. At Tung Chau we found two foreigners, the French Consul and his assistant. They invited us to dine with them in the old temple, which is their temporary dwelling. They gave us much valuable information concerning the surrounding country. The city itself is only a couple of days from the seat of one of the battles in the recent Franco-Chinese war. It has a large fort protected by hundreds of Chinese soldiers. At Teung Shan, in Tonking, are two thousand French soldiers. We ought to be safe between two such forces.

Many Chinese soldiers who were dismissed without pay at the close of the war stay around in the mountains, whence they descend on the defenceless villagers, robbing and even murdering them.

Proclamations are posted up saying that Tung Chau is an open port, and foreigners have a right to dwell there. The shop-keepers were delighted to hear Mr. Fulton addressing them in Cantonese and were very polite. After all the cursing and stoning my brother has received it was a refreshing change. There are many Annamese at Tung Chau. They are looked down upon by the Chinese, who often steal their wives and daughters.

Just as we were about returning, the American Commissioner and two Customs men arrived, making five foreigners. We hope to return there this fall and at once begin work. One pleasant feature will be that we can go by a new route, and arrive in six days from Canton. We go by steamer to Hanoi, then by cart to Teung Shan, then by chair over the mountains to Tung Chau. Going by water is tiresome, and with the water so low, dangerous. We passed six wrecks. We went over rapids where the rushing water was dashed against the boat with such force that we were afraid of being cast on the rocks. The scenery on the Tung Chau river is picturesque in the extreme.

BESEECHING THE IDOLS.

We missed seeing the lovely green rice fields. On account of no rain the farmers have not put out the plants. Everywhere the idols are prayed to in the most beseeching manner for rain. Sometimes a number of villages combine and long processions of men march to some large temple where the clanging of gongs, ringing of bells, and reports of fire crackers, give outward manifestation of the intense earnestness of the worshipers. When the people are reasoned with they almost invariably admit the folly of idols, but they really know not what else to worship, and the human heart *must* worship something.

HAPPY RETURN.

CANTON, June 21st. After seventy-four days in a Ho-tan, you may imagine my pleasure to be once more in a house. After my room of five and a half by ten feet, and my bed a potato bin, not to mention the rats and lizards, my own room has seemed palatial. Besides, a large mail, a loving sister, and three pairs of chubby arms had a warm welcome for "Auntie." Now who wouldn't be a missionary and go two thousand miles in a boat, just to experience the delight of contrasting heathen darkness with Christian civilization!

HOME DEPARTMENT

THE MONTHLY MEETING.—*October.*

"Let holy preparation link hands with patient expectation; and we shall have far larger answers to our prayers."

Scripture Text, Ps. ix. 10—They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee: for Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek Thee.

Scripture Reading, Hebrews x. 16–26.

General Topic.—OUR MISSIONS IN PERSIA.

Name the two missions; the stations. Among whom has the work been chiefly conducted? Whom else are we now seeking to reach? The Reformed Evangelical Church of Persia. When received as a member of the Presbyterian family?

Oroomiah. The College, Industrial Department recently added. Girls' Seminary; new building; new name; teachers in charge; death of Rabi Hoshebo. Village Schools; difficulties arising from government interference. Miss Van Duzee's work among Jewish and Mohammedan women. Medical work; under whose care at present? The Press.

Missionaries on the Salmas plain and their work.

Tabriz. The Boys' School; the Girls' School; teachers in charge. The Medical Missionaries and their work. Woman's Work for Woman under care of Miss Jewett and Mrs. Wilson.

Teheran. The Missionaries there, and at Hamadan, and general description of the work.

The Mountain Department; Missionaries in charge; support how provided? Special difficulties and hindrances in this work. (For all the above, refer to Ann. Report of B. F. M. and of the various Woman's Boards.)

Note the route to Teheran, Tabriz and Oroomiah (p. 313) also "The Divine Leadings in Persia," and other articles of great interest in *The Church* and *Woman's Work*, for Oct. '88.

Oroomiah College Notes (p. 445). Call for opening a new station at Senneh or Kermanshah (p. 446). *The Church*, Nov., '88, also page 181. *The Church*, Feb., '89.

The Bible Woman in the Koordish Mountains (*W. W.* for Oct. and Nov., '88). Letters relating to the Mountain work. (*The Church*, Dec., '88, Jan. and April, '89.)

From Tabriz to Seir. From Teheran to Tabriz. (Letters *W. W.*, Feb., '89.) Letters from Hamadan and Oroomiah. (April, '89.)

An old city and the inhabitants thereof. Preaching in Mussulman Villages. Closing exercises of Faith Hubbard School. (Letters, *The Church*, July, '89.)

Prayer in view of the special difficulties and dangers of the Mountain work; for the Bible Readers going from village to village; for the graduates in their homes, as well as those who become teachers; for the work among Jews and Mohammedans; for those who in secret believe; for the removal of the death penalty.

The Monthly Scheme is intended chiefly to aid the leaders of Auxiliaries in preparing for the meeting. But if others would read up the subjects for each month somewhat on the lines indicated, interest would be deepened, sympathetic audiences would be secured, prayer would become more earnest and specific, and a new impulse given all along the line. *E. M. R.*

BEING NEIGHBORLY.

"I WISH we *had* a woman's foreign missionary society," said Mrs. Ferguson; "I'd like to attend the meetings sometimes. We had one at Eldersburg, and though I didn't go to the meetings very often, still I knew they were there if I wanted to go. Miss Young, who has relatives in Baltimore very active in such work, says she wishes we had a society in our church."

"Why not have one?" asked Mrs. Fisher.

"Well, the most influential of our women don't believe in foreign missions, and there isn't anybody to take the lead in starting a society."

"Why don't you and Miss Young take it?"

"O, I'm too much of a new-comer to put myself forward that way. I've only been in the church three years. Besides I've no ability in organizing, and Miss Young is too timid."

"'Tis a pity you can't have a society," said Mrs. Fisher, commiseratingly. Then a thought occurred to her, and she added: "If you and Miss Young, and any of the other ladies, would like to attend our meetings, we should be very happy to have you. Next Tuesday is our regular day, and if you wish I'll call for you and any of your friends. Do come."

The invitation so heartily given, was accepted, and on the day mentioned Mrs. Fisher walked into the meeting with three visitors from Sanders Street Church.

It was a warm September afternoon, and the ladies were glad to turn from the hot street into the cool parlor. This room in Park Church was less prison-like than

those in some churches, and had windows overlooking the little, green, shady enclosure, which gave the church its name. It was prettily furnished, softly carpeted, the walls adorned with illuminated texts and a few suitable engravings. On this warm day the windows were skilfully arranged to exclude the scorching sun, and catch every passing breeze. A supply of fans scattered round, and a pitcher of ice-water and glasses on a side table were suggestive of coolness. An ample table was drawn out for the officers. Two or three old ladies were accommodated with armchairs, even a rocker and footstool being produced for one who appeared to be an invalid. There were enough hymnbooks and Bibles for everybody, and from an exquisite pale-blue vase, a cluster of pink *Bon Silene* roses diffused their delicious fragrance through the room.

"Well, this *is* luxurious!" exclaimed Mrs. Ferguson, sinking into a chair, and taking up a fan. "You can just sit here in ease and comfort, and talk about the perishing heathen and the self-sacrificing missionaries at your leisure."

"As for that," replied Mrs. Fisher, quickly and somewhat sharply naturally resenting the insinuation, "as for that we could and *would* meet in a back kitchen if there was no other available place, but so long as this comfortable, pleasant room is at our service we might as well make use of it." Then, more mildly—"We find it pays to make the meetings as attractive as possible. Each month there is a committee appointed whose duty it is to arrange the room. They provided the fans and ice-water. That vase of flowers was brought bodily from Mrs. Duane's parlor. She will take the vase home with her, and will, no doubt, carry the roses to some poor sick person, for that is what she always does. Understand we don't spend any missionary money on these things."

Just then the little silver-toned gong sounded, and the exercises began. A brief, fervent prayer, a Scripture reading in which all joined, then a couple of verses of a familiar hymn. The business was put through so expeditiously that it occupied but a few moments. Then, JAPAN. The secretary read from the last annual report of the General Society something relating to that country. One member stated what societies were working in Japan, and where; another gave a more detailed account of the work of their own Board. All the places mentioned were pointed out on the map, while names of both places and workers were written on the blackboard. Then one and another contributed items relating to the subject, culled from papers, religious and secular. An extra secretary took notes and rapidly arranging them in a sort of sequence gave a *résumé* of all that had been said, and prayer was offered for our missions in Japan. A brief account of Christian work begun in Korea, and a prayer for that country followed.

The visitors were particularly impressed by the character of the closing prayer. Before engaging in it the president asked if there were any special requests. This sounded like a Revival, or Gospel Temperance meeting, but the requests were forthcoming; for a new station in South America, for a school in Japan, where a work of grace was going on, for a missionary family in China in affliction, for a Bible-woman in India who was working under peculiar difficulties. All showed these workers to be intelligently interested as well as prayerfully sympathetic.

The Sanders Street ladies were charmed with the meeting, and being cordially invited, came again and again, sometimes bringing others, among whom was Miss Sterling, one of their brightest and most active ladies. After awhile they all became so interested in missionary affairs that they wanted to contribute through this society, but here the Park people drew a line. The treasurer was visibly embarrassed when these pecuniary propositions were made, and with considerable hesitation suggested:

"Wouldn't you rather—don't you think your money ought to go through your own Church?"

They admitted that would be the proper way, but they had become so interested in these schools and orphanages that they wanted to give something extra, and as to putting it on the plate when the annual church collection was taken — well, that was too cool a way to suit their present state of enthusiasm.

"You ought to have a woman's society of your own," remarked the president, who was standing near.

"So we ought," said Miss Sterling; and presently, with emphasis, "so we *will*."

"Why Miss Sterling!" exclaimed the rest, but so they did and that right speedily. Of course they met with some opposition, and had difficulties to overcome, but it was not half so hard as they had supposed, and they were soon keeping

step with their sister churches, and wondering how they ever managed to get along without a foreign missionary society.

But that isn't all the story. Mrs. Ferguson had a country cousin who was an ardent missionary worker, and when Mrs. Ferguson went up there in the summer, the very evening of her arrival, as they were sitting on the porch enjoying the beautiful mountain view, she told all about their society, and how they never would have got started if the Park Church ladies had not invited them to their meetings.

"Well, now that's what I call real neighborly," said her cousin, to whom almost at the same moment the thought came—"Why couldn't we do something like that for the Three Mile Run folks? We do have good meetings and no mistake, and if they could only see a society in running order"——

The upshot of the matter was that after consultation with her colleagues, and fixing a time when harvesting, house-cleaning and bad roads would not interfere, some acquaintances in the Three Mile Run Church were invited over to make a little visit and attend a missionary meeting at the Old Pine Hill Church. They came, saw, and were conquered. In the process of time a society was an accomplished fact among them.

Now it is just possible when they get fairly on their feet, they may become exercised in mind about the unorganized condition of the church at Muddy Creek, and who knows how far this wave of neighborliness may extend!

Emma L. Burnett.

WORLD'S MISSIONARY COMMITTEE OF CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

At a Woman's Meeting held in connection with the General Missionary Conference in London, June, 1888, it was proposed that a World's Missionary Committee of Christian Women should be established, which should form a means of communication between the different denominational, union, and other *great* (not local or parish) societies. The object of such a Committee is to secure concerted action on the part of all Women's, General, Foreign and Home Missionary Societies: 1. For special prayer; 2. For united effort for other objects; as, for example, the legal relief of the twenty million widows in India; 3. For the arrangement of any general conference that may be deemed desirable.

This Committee has now been formed. Its chairman is Miss A. B. Child of Boston. Other members represent nearly all the great missionary societies in this and other lands.

By the action of the central committee of the *five* Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies and Boards of the Presbyterian Church (North) the President of the central committee for the year is the representative of these societies and boards.

Special prayer is requested by the Committee "in all Woman's Societies for the Conference to be held at Berlin at the call of the King of Belgium with reference to the liquor traffic on the Congo River."

It is earnestly hoped that this Committee and its requests and suggestions may have careful and loving consideration from all women in the Presbyterian Church engaged in Foreign Missions.

Its formation recognizes and emphasizes the kinship of all who are engaged in the service of our Lord Jesus Christ. As such it is worthy of the coöperation of Christian Women all over the world.

M. W. T.

WHAT AND HOW MUCH SHALL WE GIVE?

We find an answer to the question in the words, "She hath done what she could." You recall the scene. Jesus is sitting at the table in Simon's house. Mary, the sister of Lazarus, is standing behind Him. In her hand is an alabaster flask, the contents of which is worth 300 pence, or the wages that a workingman might receive in a year. She crushes with her hand the neck of the flask and pours the "very costly" ointment upon the head and feet of Christ. Judas rebukes her for the waste; but Christ answers: "Why trouble ye her—she hath done what she could." Little did Mary realize as she poured out her gift of love, that she was anointing Christ "for the burying" and that "Wheresoever the Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, that also which this woman hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her."

"Just beside me sat a man whose whole appearance bespoke comfortable circumstances," says one who was present at a recent Gospel Meeting. "He got his purse open, and as a half-dollar pushed itself to the front he took it out and laid it in his hand. Next a quarter came out and was laid

beside the half. Then a dime looked out and was passed on to the company of its superiors. At last the long-looked-for cent appeared. It was picked out and placed between the lips until the other coins were replaced in the purse, and the purse in the pocket, then it was held in the fingers until the basket came and carried it off to relieve the "suffering families." "Did he do what he could?"

You have just heard that a certain Church gave last year $20,000 to Foreign Missions. "What a noble gift! How much good that Church must do," you exclaim. But while visiting in the city you attended this elegant and fashionable Church. You recall the home of one of its worshipers in which an especial painting, lately purchased for $20,000 was pointed out to you. It was but one of many fine pictures, besides choice bric-a-brac and other luxuries in this home, and the question forced itself upon you, "Had this congregation done *what it could?*" Do *we* give what we *can?*

We have Bible examples of gifts unto the Lord. Jacob gave one-tenth; Zaccheus, "the half of his goods;" the poor Widow gave "all that she had, even all her living;" the good Samaritan gave thoughtful attention and loving services; Dorcas gave her needle-work; the woman of Sarepta, food and drink; Abraham gave "his only son Isaac;" Christ gave Himself.

Let our first gift be ourselves, then let us bring what we CAN to His altar.

What matters it to us that our spontaneous expressions of love for Christ are sometimes called "a waste," if only Christ shall say of each one of us, "*She hath done what she could?*" *Helen M. Cobb.*

A TRUE OUTLINE FOR DISCOURAGED WORKERS.

SOME eighteen years ago, a minister whom we will designate Mr. Smith, accepted a call to a small town in one of the newer States. The church had less than a hundred members, and had been upheld by the Home Missionary Society for some years, but was now self-supporting. The people seemed to feel that it was all which should be expected of them to take care of themselves, but Mr. Smith began at once to present the various Boards of our Church in order, believing it to be an educating process, whether the people gave anything or not. To their credit, however, be it said that a collection was always taken.

In 1875, Mrs. Smith began to be interested in the reports of Woman's Work, and longed to interest the women of the Church also. A visit from a returned missionary gave an opportunity to effect an organization. Twelve or fifteen joined at once, and commenced paying dues. The Society, however, could not be called a great success, as the ladies were not disposed to make much effort to attend meetings. Mrs. Smith was Secretary, and punctually gave out the notices; then she acted as sexton, and opened the lecture room and made the fires; as organist, and led the singing; as treasurer, gathering up subscriptions and forwarding the money; and often as President, though not nominally such. But the meetings dragged. Sometimes when all was ready, not one came. Sometimes after waiting alone for three-quarters of an hour past the time, one or two would come in. Occasionally as many as six or seven appeared. Very few were willing to take any part, and of course would enjoy but little.

Right here let me put in a note. Dear ladies, when you are going to a missionary meeting, don't go *first* to make calls or do shopping or other errands, for you lose a good part of the meeting, or else you must be waited for which just kills all enthusiasm. Go promptly, and as if you loved to be there, and the meeting will be full of interest and profit.

Well, the years passed by. Something was done each year. The money was collected and forwarded regularly, but it was discouraging work. Mrs. Smith had long recognized the radical difficulty, viz: that the women had not been trained to know anything of mission work, and so she had determined that another generation should not lack that training. She secured the last Sabbath of each month as a day for missionary collections and instruction in the Sunday-school. Missionary magazines and papers were distributed, freely at first, among the families of the Church—afterwards clubs of subscribers were obtained. A mission band met with her, and readings were given which soon interested the older girls. Occasional S. S. concerts were prepared and many took part in them. Jugs were given out and a jug-breaking secured, and in many such ways funds were raised and the school trained to work.

But the ladies' Society dwindled. The aged president became too infirm to attend

meetings, and the question was discussed of giving them up entirely. And yet something was still accomplished and Mrs. Smith could not make up her mind to disband, so the Society's name continued to appear in the Annual Reports.

In the meantime, some of the ladies attended the presbyterial meetings and the annual meeting of the Board, and at last Mrs. Smith had her reward. Fresh workers were enlisted, young ladies from the Sunday-school took hold, new officers were elected, and the Society became a working force. It was supreme satisfaction to the pastor's wife that the work no longer depended upon her though she loved it with maternal affection.

I have been looking over the reports and find acknowledged from this Society and Sunday-school during the past thirteen years over $1,700.00 in cash for missions, and this has suggested these reminiscences for the benefit of discouraged workers. To be sure there have been concerts and dime offerings, and jug-breakings, and thank offerings, and missionary teas, and literary exercises, so that much more has been raised than the dues merely, but *if it had not been for the weak little Society* which has held on through summer's heat and winter's cold there would have been nothing done. Nor does the report of money raised show all the work accomplished. Boxes have been filled for Mary Allen and Scotia Seminaries, and Biddle University, and Park College, and Freedmen's Schools, and Indian Agencies in various places. They have gathered up Sunday-school papers and lesson Leaves, and Visitors and Sunbeams have gone for years to destitute schools in Northern Michigan, Oregon and Washington Territories. We sometimes hear that such second-hand papers are not worth sending, but the grateful thanks this school receives proves that they are wanted in some places and repay the trouble.

Stand to your ports, dear sisters, do not falter but go straight forward in spite of all discouragements and some day you will be astonished to see the results of your efforts. None but God can tell how far-reaching those results may be. *G.*

SUGGESTION CORNER.

SHOULD not every woman's society of any sort carefully avoid appointing its meetings on the day of church prayer-meeting? Have not the pastors a right to expect that those women of their flocks most forward in missionary zeal will be both constant in the prayer-meeting and come fresh to its service?

A society in Michigan reports that: "We are contemplating the expediency of holding presbyterial meetings separate from the meeting of presbytery, as it is difficult, now that our Assembly is so large, to find places of entertainment for both bodies in any small town." It might be worth considering in some other places, at least, to admit the notion that such a separation is possible.

"What is the use of synodical meetings, anyway?" say some. "Could not everything our Woman's Boards do in a year be accomplished without calling *this* meeting? Is it necessary that our societies should operate with every identical piece of machinery in our Church? Why should we run to and fro for nought and labor in vain?"

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church.

1334 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

President, Mrs. WM. E. SCHENCK.

Correspondence with Missionaries, Mrs. C. N. THORPE, Mrs. C. E. MORRIS, Miss L. FLANIGEN.

Concerning Special Objects, Miss M. D. PURVES; with Presbyterial Societies, Mrs. D. R. POSEY; with Auxiliary Societies, Miss L. W. JORDAN; with Young People's and Children's Bands, Miss F. U. NELSON; for copied letters, Miss A. BODINE.

Candidates will address Mrs. S. C. PERKINS.

Treasurer, Mrs. JULIA M. FISHBURN.

Send all letters to 1334 Chestnut Street, Phila.

Directors' Meeting, first Tuesday of the month, and prayer-meeting third Tuesday, at 12 M., in the Assembly Room. Visitors welcome.

OCTOBER calls us to buckle on our armor for hard work; those of us who have laid it off to rest awhile. It is a call which cannot be put off till a more convenient season. Disasters unheard of heretofore have visited our land, and floods have brought poverty and distress to many of our helpers. Beyond the quick sympathy and ready help for Conemaugh and Johnstown and Williamsport, we must look to make good the loss to foreign missions of that which they would so gladly give if they had it.

There is hard work before us this year, 232 missionaries and native helpers and 174 boarding and day schools are ours faithfully to support, and our share of certain building funds is counted on by the Board. Last year we raised almost $144.000. It will be harder to reach that point this year because of the wide-spread

financial trouble, yet there lies the work directly before us to do—plainly given us women to do for Christ's sake. All have not thus suffered, many have been prospered; there are pledged funds which we have promised to pay and which, therefore, are no longer ours to put to any other use, and sums large and small which we might give if we would, and give quickly. There must also be deliberate and careful planning of Auxiliary and Band work by their officers for the remaining six months of the year, or *we shall fall behind and suffer loss* which cannot be counted by any arithmetic of ours. Let us look this matter squarely in the face, not be helplessly afraid but "put to more strength," and test the ability which God has given us.

SEND to this office for the *new building fund leaflet*. It plainly sets forth what we may do on that line this year to make permanent the work of our missionaries. Ask for a goodly number of copies and then distribute them generously among the right sort of people.

A FRESH supply of picture cards is called for, suitable for Christmas or as rewards in school. Those sent last fall were just the thing, but the children are ready for more and our missionaries are hoping to receive them soon. Send many or few to Miss F. U. Nelson, 1334 Chestnut Street.

THE departure from Philadelphia in August of Miss Louise Johnston, as a missionary to China, was invested with peculiar interest in that she had as companions a missionary physician and his wife, whose going was, humanly speaking, the result of her own ardent devotion to missions. Dr. E. S. Mackle as a lad became interested in, and, through the advice and assistance of Miss Johnston, resolved to devote his life to foreign missionary work. His medical studies here ended, he soon after married Miss Ella May Wood of Philadelphia, and there was a happy send-off reception given the three by their friends of the Wharton Street church, on the eve of their departure for San Francisco and Canton. Thus years of patient waiting and of active preparation—for Miss Johnston has worked among the Chinese in this country, and partially learned their language—have been rewarded by answered prayers and a clear call to missionary labor.

MR. AND MRS. POND, with their children, return from Syria for a year's stay in this country with the expectation of leaving two of the children here to pursue their studies. The breaking up of that Sük-el-Ghurb home, the only home the young people have ever known, was very trying. Greek, Maronite and Druze as well as Protestant, besought them to remain; there were hundreds of callers while the last school examinations were going on, and their faithful teachers followed them to the steamer and would hardly let them go. Mrs. Pond writes that they may be addressed at 53 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., but adds that she needs a long and thorough rest.

OUR Special Object Secretary says that the $12.00 shares in school work offered in August *W. W.* were for Chili not Korea.

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Steubenville Presbytery, Potter Chapel, Mingo, Ohio.

NEW BAND.

West Va. Keyser, Calvary Ch., Arbutus.

Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest.

ROOM 48, MCCORMICK BLOCK, S.-E. CORNER RANDOLPH AND DEARBORN STREETS, CHICAGO, ILL.

President, Mrs. BENJ. DOUGLASS.

Correspondence with Missionaries in India, and among the North American Indians, Miss MATTIE P. HALSEY; Japan, Mrs. L. V. ANGLE; S. America, Africa, Syria and Korea, Miss ANNE H. GILES; Persia, Miss SOPHIE RHEA; Mexico, Siam and Laos, Mrs. W. G. CRAIG; China, Mrs. L. K. STEVENS.

Correspondence with Auxiliaries and concerning Organization, Mrs. GEO. H. LAFLIN, Mrs. N. D. PRATT; Concerning Special Objects, Mrs. N. W. CAMPBELL; With Young Peoples' Societies, Mrs. HENRY H. FORSYTH; Concerning Candidates, Mrs. H. T. HELM; Concerning Visitors for Societies, Mrs. GEO. BANCROFT.

Treasurer, Mrs. C. B. FARWELL.

Meetings every Friday at 10 A. M. Visitors welcome.

ALTHOUGH many of our ladies have been absent during the past two months, still the Friday meetings have been generally well attended. Friends from out of town have called to spend an hour with us, to hear of the work and workers, and to join with us in prayer and praise.

MISS MACKINTOSH, formerly of Bogota, Colombia, passed through Chicago in August on her way to Mitchell, Dakota, where she will remain until able to go back to her loved work.

ON the first Friday in August, we had the pleasure of Miss Everett's presence. She gave us a few late words from Syria, and bade us good-bye, as she expected soon to sail for Syria.

ANOTHER week we were heartily glad to welcome our Mrs. Geo. S. Bergen, of Ambala, India, with her husband. Mrs. Bergen gave a little report of the work among the lepers about Ambala, work which has created such interest since the published accounts of Father Damien which followed his death. Dr. and Mrs. Wherry from Lahore, India, have also visited us, and spoken of the Christian College and the efforts of Brahministic sects to counteract the influence of Christian Missionaries.

DON'T fail to send to "Room 48," and secure packages of *Annals* and *Leaflets* for sale at the annual Synodical and Presbyterial meetings held this fall.

WE aimed last year to add to our list of subscribers to "WOMAN'S WORK," *fifteen hundred new names*. We believe in a high aim, and it is not a disappointment, but a great satisfaction that we gained *seven hundred and fifty*. But shall we not now continue the effort and *add the other seven hundred and fifty* this

year, knowing that every earnest reader secured becomes an earnest lover of missions, and an earnest giver to them in sympathy, in prayer and in money?

One of our Ohio workers, realizing the power of the printed page, has invested in missionary literature, for gratuitous circulation, the money intended for a life membership in the Board. Who shall say what this "talent" may have become when she "receives her own with usury"?

IN every presbytery throughout the Northwest there is a stir among the young folks; sample copies of "Children's Work" are going from hand to hand, and busy feet are circulating this wide-awake magazine and gathering names to add to its subscription list. God speed the children!

OUR hearts are touched by the liberality of the aged father of one of our brave missionaries, who, with his family, is now in this country. The ministrations of the son are so essential that the father cannot yet allow him to return to his chosen field; but, that the work may go on, he sends his check for $1,000, another $1,000, and still another.

MRS. HUBERT BROWN of Mexico, after spending several months with her parents in Chicago, has joined her husband in Manasquan, N. J. They return to Mexico the last of October.

MISS GRETTA Y. HOLLIDAY expects to sail with Dr. Cochran and party, October 2d, returning with renewed health to her loved work in Tabriz, Persia.

MANY of the annual synodical meetings are held in October: that of Michigan, at Bay City on the 2d; of Iowa, at Iowa City on the 9th; of Indiana, at Terre Haute on the 17th. Those of Illinois, Wisconsin and others are held in connection with synod. Among the speakers expected are Dr. Ellinwood, secretary of the Assembly's Board, Rev. Mr. Dunlap, of Siam, Miss Patton, of India, and Mrs. W. E. Knox, who proved herself an interesting and helpful visitor to the societies last year.

MRS. CHARLES M. FISHER writes that her health is so much improved that they almost decided to return to Japan this fall, but yielded for a little space to the voice of prudence. The family occupies a cottage at Red Bank, N. J., where the "air is pure and fresh and bracing, and the nights always cool," and where "Mr. Fisher has been preaching every Sabbath."

THE value of Special Objects in calling forth sympathy and interest was forcibly illustrated in a recent meeting at "Room 48," when the needs of Toyama, Japan, a station without a missionary, but where there are several Christians, were forcibly alluded to, and the statement made that a good native woman, long under missionary training, could be secured by the payment of ten dollars per month, for which there were no funds in the treasury. The leader of the meeting said that she had faith to believe that some one then present would supply that need herself or secure the required amount from others. At the close of the meeting a lady came to her quietly and said: "I will give that ten dollars per month, but don't mention my name in connection with it." Christ engraved Mary's name on enduring tablets when He said: "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, there shall also this which this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her."

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Chippewa Presbytery, West Superior.
Des Moines Presbytery, Des Moines, 6th Church.
" " " Mission Band.
" " Leighton.
" " Olivet.
Huron Presbytery, Olena, King's Messengers.
Milwaukee Presbytery, Waukesha Juvenile Band.

Women's Board of For. Miss. of the Presbyterian Church.

NO. 53 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

President, MRS. HENRY N. BEERS.

The regular prayer-meeting is held the first Wednesday of every month at 10.30 A. M., lasting one hour. Visitors cordially welcomed.

Each other Wednesday there is a half-hour meeting for prayer and the reading of missionary letters, commencing at the same hour.

For special department of each Secretary, see third page of cover.

Address all letters to 53 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. City.

THIS magazine will reach its readers in time to notify them that the time of our monthly prayer-meetings again is come, the first meeting of the season being held in Lenox Hall, Wednesday, October 2d. The hour is as usual, 10.30 A.M. May it be the first of many soul-stirring gatherings which shall be held there during the coming year. Let all come who can, and bring friends and neighbors.

WE commence another season of work with much to encourage us. On September 9th Miss Ella De Baun, of Nyack, N.Y., started for her post as assistant teacher in the girls' school in Mexico City. On September 25th Miss Adeline Hunter, of Prince Edward's Island, starts for Hamadan, Persia, to open a kindergarten in connection with the work of her countrywomen, the Misses Montgomery; and Miss Emma F. Boughton sails, October 17th, from San Francisco, on her way to Wei-Hien, China.

MRS. REUTLINGER and Mr. and Mrs. De Heer have reached this country. The former has been for some time in Bridgeport, the guest of Miss Wheeler. What a welcome awaits these dear friends at "53" when our ladies are once more gathered together!

SUMMER schools are the order of the day in the sunrise kingdom as in the land of the stars and stripes. Miss Youngman writes that in the summer school for Bible study which she has inaugurated there will be about twenty-five students.

Woman's Presbyterian For. Miss. Society of Northern N. Y.

10 WASHINGTON PLACE, TROY, N. Y.

President, Mrs. H. B. NASON.

Correspondence with Missionaries in Persia, Syria, India, Japan and Africa, Mrs. F. C. CURTIS, 136 Hudson Avenue, Albany.

Correspondence with Missionaries in China, Guatemala, Siam and Idaho, Miss ANGIE C. WING, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Correspondence with Societies and Bands in Albany and Columbia Presbyteries, Mrs. A. MCCLURE, 232 State Street, Albany.

Correspondence with Societies and Bands in Troy and Champlain Presbyteries, Miss M. C. EDDY, Glenwood, Troy, N. Y.

Special Object Secretary, Mrs. JOHN H. DENNIS, Waterford, N. Y.

IN the midst of stifling August weather, in a lonely house, in a neighborhood deserted by friends and acquaintances, with churches closed, pastors absent, prayer-meetings of all kinds temporarily suspended, it is difficult to realize that when this page meets the eyes of our Northern New York readers, October, with its crisp atmosphere and regular church and home duties, will be upon us.

With the beginning of our working six months in auxiliaries and bands, let us remember that at Albany last April we solemnly promised that we would this year "advance all along the line" —which means that we will give more for foreign missions, work harder in the cause, and pray more earnestly for the blessing of heaven than ever before.

THROUGH the medium of this page the officers of Northern New York take the opportunity to urge upon the members the fulfillment of three duties during October:

1. Come to the autumn meeting at Saratoga on Thursday, October 9th, and bring all your friends. There will be services morning and afternoon, with interesting addresses by Mrs. Andrews of India and other speakers. There will be no reading of reports, and many wearisome details of business, which are the necessary accompaniment of the annual meeting, will be omitted. The new work for the year will be explained.

Regular notices of this meeting will be sent to the secretaries of the various auxiliaries two or three weeks in advance. Be sure that these notices are fully and intelligently read in your churches.

2. Let every member make it her business to learn exactly what her own society is doing and what is the new work for the year. Information with relation to these subjects can be obtained from Miss Angie C. Wing and from Miss M. C. Eddy.

3. Let each and every one pray earnestly that Northern New York may do a better work this year than ever before, and then let us all do our utmost to help the good cause along.

LETTERS from Miss McBeth, Miss Hammond and Miss Edna Cole have recently been received. Copies may be obtained upon application to Miss Angie C. Wing.

Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Southwest.

No. 1107 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

President, Mrs. JAS. H. BROOKES.

Home Corresponding Secretaries: Mrs. S. W. BARBER, 3033 Olive Street, for missionary correspondence; Miss AGNES H. FENBY, 3116 Lucas Avenue, for auxiliary and miscellaneous correspondence.

Foreign Corresponding Secretary, Miss BLANCHE BURNETT, 3937 Bell Avenue.

Special Object Secretary, Mrs. J. A. ALLEN, 1107 Olive Street.

Treasurer, Mrs. DANIEL KUHN, 1608 Chouteau Avenue.

Meetings of the Board are held at the Presbyterian Rooms, 1107 Olive Street, second floor, St. Louis, on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 2 P. M. All interested in Missions are invited to be present.

Missionary Literature can be obtained at the "Rooms," between the hours of 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. Mail orders should be addressed to "Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Southwest. 1107 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo."

PLAY-TIME is over, summer vacations spent. The "strength of the hills" abides with some, the tonic of the sea with others; renewed energy comes to the stay-at-homes with the first cool breezes. Let us turn our faces to the serious work of the year. "So much to do for Christ, so little time left in which to do it."

A REVISED list of leaflets, to which the titles of three new ones have been added, will be promptly mailed any one applying to this Board, at 1107 Olive Street, St. Louis.

"HARTWELL Missionary Society," "Hartwell Jewels." So the good tidings continue to reach headquarters of the work with power of the great heart who has been laboring in our bounds.

ATTENTION, women of Missouri! Remember the synodical meeting, Holden, October 16th. Pray for this meeting, that it may be spiritual, inspiring, helpful. Go to it; let the preserves and house-cleaning wait. Go, help by your presence; take your friends. We must not have a half-hearted meeting, dismally attended. You can help it along. Will you?

A letter recently received from the Rev. S. Lawrence Ward tells as follows of the boys' school in Teheran, Persia: "Yesterday the boys'

school closed after a week's examination of all the classes, with exercises consisting of scripture reading, prayer, hymns, and an address in Persian, essays and orations in five languages: Hebrew, Persian, Armenian, French and English. The work done during the year leaves little to be desired, save that the school may have a hearty growth, but the financial outlook is not so happy."

NEW SOCIETIES.

Kans. Edgerton S. S. M. S., Edgerton, Kans.
" W. M. S., 1st Church, Idana, Kans.
Mo. W. M. S., Canton, Mo.
" W. M. S., La Grange, Mo.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, from August 1, 1889.

CHESTER.—Oxford, 125.00
HUNTINGDON.—Altoona, 1st, 57.07; Duncansville, 11.55; East Kishacoquillas, 31.40; Huntingdon, 50; Penfield, 13; Peru, Mission Circle, 1; Pine Grove, 17; Sinking Valley, 30; Snow Shoe, 11; Spruce Creek, 300; Tyrone, 40, Bds., Young Ladies, Golden Rule, and Sunbeam, 10; Upper Tuscarora, 9, 581.02
KITTANNING.—Apollo, 31.87, Hopeful Bd., 4.01, Faithful Workers, 1.62; Ebenezer, 40; Elder's Ridge, 39.75, Donaldson Bd., 1.93; Indiana, 100; Leechburg, 40; Marion, 11.15; Rural Valley, 15; W. Lebanon, 54.71, 340.04
MONMOUTH.—Jamesburg, Rhode Hall S. S., 30.00
PHILADELPHIA, CENTRAL.—Arch Street, 22.00
PITTSBURGH AND ALLEGHENY.—Allegheny, 1st, 68.51; North, 30; Hazlewood, 50; Parnassus, 15; Plains, 12.25; Pittsburgh, 7th Goheen Bd., 17 18; Central, 5.55; East Liberty, 148.80, Young Ladies' Bd., 25.85, Pansy Bd., 3, Happer (Boys') Bd., 11.50; Park Ave., 19.69, Gleaners' Bd., 11.20, Sewickley, 54; Sharpsburg, 11.25; Swissvale Mission Bd., 5.56; Wilkinsburg, 21, 510.34
PORTSMOUTH.—Ironton, Olive Branches, 15.00
MISCELLANEOUS.—Interest on Investments, 217.32; Bethany Mission Bd. (colored), 2.69; A Friend of Missions, 15; "M.," 10; W. Roxbury, Mass., E. W. Labaree, 10, 255.01

Total for August, 1889, $1,878.41
Total since May 1, 1889, 11,660.70

BOXES SENT.

To Mrs. Holcomb, Jhansi, India, from Y. L. Mission Bd., S. Orange Presb. Ch., N. J. To Miss Nancy Hunter, Yankton Agency, Dak., by Coral Workers, Phillipsburg, N. J., instead of to Miss La Grange, Tripoli, as reported.

MRS. JULIA M. FISHBURN, *Treas.*,
September 1, 1889. 1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest, to Aug. 20, 1889.

BLOOMINGTON.—Bloomington, 1st, 37; Champaign, 141.33; Clinton, 28; Gilman, 11; Minonk, 5.30; Piper City, Neely Bd., 40; Selma, 18, 280.63
CENTRAL DAKOTA.—Blunt, Golden Rule Bd., 5.00
CHICAGO.—Chicago, 1st, 10; 3d, Boys' Bd., 7.50; 5th, Rosebud Bd., 2.75; Ch. of the Covenant, 17.10; Jefferson Park Ch., 25.07; Reunion Ch., 2.52; Evanston, 40; Lake Forest, 21, Y. P. S., 15, Steady Streams, 3.11, Th. off., 50; South Evanston, 15; Woodlawn Park S. S., 25, 234.05
DETROIT.—Ann Arbor, 60, Helpers Bd., 1.50; Willing Hearts, 20, Detroit, Ft. St. Ch. S. S., 100; Pontiac, Y. L. S., 2.50; Wyandotte, 30 cts., Ypsilanti, 45, 229.30
DUBUQUE.—Independence, 20.14, German Ch., 15, 35.14
FARGO.—Tower City, 6.00
MADISON.—Madison, 21.63; Prairie du Sac, 5; Portage, 5.43, 32.06
MATTOON.—Neoga, Mrs. S. F. Wilson, 5.00
MAUMEE.—Defiance, 15; Mr. W. H. Hooker, 40; Toledo, 1st, Livingstone Bd., 26.95; West Unity, 20, 101.95
MONROE.—Adrain, 22; Hillsdale, 12.94; Monroe, Y. L. S., 30, 64.94
MUNCIE.—Marion, 5; Noblesville, 6.50; Peru, 15; Union City, 5; Wabash, 5; Xenia, Mrs. M. C. Kelsey, 1, 37.50
NIOBRARA.—Emerson, 3.80; Hartington, 5; Pender, 2, 10.80
OTTAWA.—Aurora, 16.25, Y. P. S. C. E., 12; Aux Sable, 10.95; Mendota, 11; Rochelle, Miss Mary Shaw, 25, 75.20
SAGINAW.—Saginaw, 240.00
SCHUYLER.—Elvaston, 11.35; Kirkwood, 11; Macomb, Earnest Workers, 5; Mt. Sterling, 50, 77.35
SPRINGFIELD.—Chatham, 1; Jacksonville, State St. Ch., 40, S. S., 25.79; Westminster Ch., 11.50; Lincoln, 6.15; Orleans, Pisgah Ch., 15.10; Petersburgh, 6.53; Springfield, 2d, 16.80, 122.87
WATERLOO.—Grundy Centre, 46.00
VINCENNES.—Claiborne Ch., 10; Evansville, Walnut St. Ch., 60; Washington, 10, 80.00
MISCELLANEOUS.—Cincinnati, O., Miss Helen Peabody, 25; Denison, Tex., Mrs. John Cameron, 10; By sale of A Br. Record, 60 cents, 35.60

Total for month, $1,719.39
Previously acknowledged, 4,792.42

Total from April 20th, $6,511.81

MRS. C. B. FARWELL, *Treas.*,
CHICAGO, Aug. 20, 1889. Room 48, McCormick Block.

Receipts of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church for August.

BINGHAMTON.—Binghamton, West, 10; Cortland, 41.25; Waverly, 33.24; Whitney's Point, 15, 99.49
BOSTON, MASS.—Antrim, N. H., 10; Boston, Columbus Avenue, 25, Y. L. S., 20; East Boston, 17.50; South Boston, Light Bearers' Bd., 10; South Framingham, 1.59, 84.09
CAYUGA.—Auburn, 2d, 88.60
CHEMUNG.—Watkins, Earnest Workers, 20.00
GENEVA.—Penn Yan, 42; Seneca Falls, 25, 67.00
NASSAU.—Far Rockaway, 1st S. S., 3; Jamaica, 100; Roslyn, Helping Hand Bd., 10.50, 113.50
UTICA.—Clinton, 50; Utica, Bethany, 100; 1st, 125, One Member of Aux., 25; Memorial, 30; Westminster, 38, 368.00
MISCELLANEOUS.—Hamadan, Persia, Faith Hubbard School, 7.05, Miss. Bd., 13.05, Boys' Prayer-meeting, 2.40; Wabasha, Minn., A Friend, 2, 24.50

Total, $865.18
Total receipts from April 1, 1889, 10,208.74

MRS. C. P. HARTT, *Treas.*,
53 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

MRS. J. A. WELCH, *Asst. Treas.*,
39 West 17th St., N. Y. City.

BOX LIST.

From Brick Church, Rochester, a box for Oroomiah Hospital.

From Boys' Missionary Band, University Place Church, New York, a package for Oroomiah Hospital.

From Girls' Mission Band, Brick Church, Rochester, a package for the Hoshyrapore Orphanage, India.

Receipts for Foreign Fund of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Southwest, to August 20, 1889.

KANSAS CITY.—Butler, 13.90; Kansas City, 2d, 100; Kansas City, 3d, 5.05, 118.05
OSBORNE.—Norton Y. L. M. B., 4.00
PALMYRA.—Brookfield, 11; Canton, 4; Glasgow, 2; La Grange, 3.50; La Grange "Hartwell Jewels," 1.80; Milan Little Jewels, 2.75; Moberly, 7.30; Salisbury, 4.40, 36.75
SOLOMON.—Beloit, 5; Ellsworth, 6, Salina, 26.05, 37.05
TOPEKA.—Junction City, 6.25; Kansas City, Kan., 16; Leavenworth, 1st Y. L. M. S., 15, 37.25

Total receipts for Foreign Fund during month, $234.00
Previously acknowledged, 1,011.54

Total receipts for Foreign Fund since April 1, '89, $1,245.54

MRS. DANIEL KUHN, *Treasurer*,
August 20, 1889. 1608 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis.

INFORMATION CONSERVATION, INC.